

THE BATTLEFIELD

1913



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RUSSELL HALL, FRONTING GROVE

The Battlefield

*“And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no
one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of working; and each
in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the
God of Things as they are!”*

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

1913

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Editor's Wail



It slept and dreamed sweet dreams
Of peace beyond compare;
Annual "stuff" appeared in reams
Without an editor's care.

We woke. Before our eyes,
Unused to drudgeries' woe,
Were manuscripts—sources of sighs—
In stacks both high and low.

The midnight oil we burned;
We flecked our hair with gray.
For fame at first we yearned,
But 'tis not so today.

Take this completed task,
Ye critics, as ye may;
Your merey we do not ask,
For we worked for love, not pay.

—EDITOR.

144336



THE BATTLEFIELD

Calendar for 1912-13

September	12—Opening of school.
"	13-14—Matriculation.
"	20—Getting acquainted; Y. W. C. A. reception.
"	21—Glee Club entertains.
"	26—Address by Ex-Governor Swanson.
"	26—County Fair.
October	5—Tacky Party.
"	5—President Russell moved into his new home.
"	31—Darkness—ghosts and witches parade.
November	8—Lecture by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of University of Virginia.
"	15—Danger! Fire drill.
"	19—Election of THE BATTLEFIELD staff.
"	23—Basketball victory.
"	25—Lecture by Mr. George C. Round of Board of Trustees.
"	28—Thanksgiving.
December	6—Lecture by Dr. W. M. Forrest of University of Virginia.
"	7—Fun seekers take a trip to Washington to see Peter Pan.
"	12—Y. W. C. A. Bazaar.
"	13—Fiftieth anniversary of Battle of Fredericksburg.
"	16—Alice in Wonderland—a great success.
"	20—Going home.
January	17—First Professionals perform a few stunts.
"	21—Lecture by Ex-Governor Montague.
"	25—Book Party—Y. W. C. A.
"	31—Illustrated lecture by Mr. T. S. Settle.
February	3-7—Examinations.
"	10—Lecture by Miss Vivian Conway.
"	11-15—Pictures taken for THE BATTLEFIELD.
"	13—Glee Club Recital.
"	21—Lecture by Mr. C. G. Maphis.
"	22—Reception to students by Student Activities Committee.
"	28—Richmond Glee Club concert.
March	4—Students and Faculty attend the Inauguration.
"	15—Minstrel Show—Senior Class.
"	21-24—Easter.



Dedication

TO OUR PRESIDENT

EDWARD HUTSON RUSSELL

WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN ONE OF SELF-SACRIFICING
DEVOTION TO THE EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF
HIS NATIVE STATE AND WHOSE SIGNAL SUCCESS
IN LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF
THIS INSTITUTION HAS MADE IT A
STRONG BULWARK AGAINST
THE FORCES OF IGNORANCE AND ERROR
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE CLASS OF 1913





THE BATTLEFIELD

Board of Trustees

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Richmond.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Battlefield Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MARTHA BELLE PEARCE.

ASSISTANT EDITORS

BUFORD KIRTLEY LYNE

ETHEL LOUISE TAYLOR

BUSINESS MANAGER

GAY VAUGHAN WILSON

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

LOUISE LEWIS

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Art

JULIA KEATON

Music

KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN

Poetry

ELSIE COLEMAN

Wit

ISABEL WILLIS

Society

MYRTIS TANKARD

Athletics

MARY W. JOHNSON

CLASS EDITORS

ANNA DIEDRICH, '13

GRAHAM MASTIN '14

ELIZABETH CHENERY '15

ELIZA PEIRCE '16

EMMA LAWLESS '17

ETHEL BULLOCK '18

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

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ASSISTANT TO ED. IN-CHIEF



GAY VAUGHAN WILSON
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EDITOR IN-CHIEF



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WRY EDITOR



ELSIE COLEMAN
POETRY EDITOR



KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN
MUSIC EDITOR



JULIA WESTWOOD KEATON
WRY EDITOR



MARY WARNER JOHNSON
JACKET EDITOR



THE BATTLEFIELD



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Mathematics and Science



A. B. CHANDLER, JR.
Latin and Geography



B. Y. TYNER
Education



VIRGINIA E. STONE
Primary Methods

THE BATTLEFIELD



FRANCES L. WITHERS
Household Arts



CAROLINE R. JACKSON
Rural Arts



OLIVER M. HINMAN
Manual Arts and Drawing



VIRGINIA M. GOOLRICK
History and Civics

THE BATTLEFIELD



DORA J. DADMUN
English



ANNIE I. ANTHONY
Modern Languages



MARGARET FRASER
Director of Music



CARY GRAVES
Director Physical Education

THE BATTLEFIELD



MARION C. FORBES
Head of Home and Registrar



C. MASON SMITH
Physician



NORA C. WILLIS
Instructor in Instrumental Music



GUNYON M. HARRISON
Supt. Elect. Dept. and Asst. in Mathematics

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Crazy Old Bell



FROM before the break of day
Till the lights go out at night,
Till the footsteps of Miss Forbes,
Which sound so soft and light,
Have echoed *softly* down the halls
And we all get out of sight,
There's one thing that's a worry—
Normal girls will say I'm right—
It's that crazy old bell.

No matter if you're snoozing;
You staid out late at a feast;
Perhaps, you have a test today;
Till twelve you studied at least;
Long before your eyes can see
The day dawn in the East,
You can hear the awful clanging,
Which you think will never cease,
It's that crazy old bell.

The same thing happens in the morn
When you're making up your bed;
You hardly have the time to tuck
The covers at the head;
Your hair has not been combed today,
Nor tied your ribbons red.
Oh! what do you think mother would say?
But the fault, as I have said
Is that crazy old bell.

The con's outweigh the pro's;
But there's one time, I declare,
When, if that bell should wake the dead,
I certainly wouldn't care;
For dinner is a thing which we
Consider is too rare,
And even for tough steak and hash,
I'd race you down the stair.
Bless that crazy old bell!

And that's the way it always is;
It keeps us on the go,
And if our heads weren't on right tight,
We'd lose them all, I know.
Won't we be glad when every thing
Can go along just so,
Without a thing to wake us up,
And we can be right slow
Without that crazy old bell?



DORMITORY

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Battlefield

When first this school began to wage
Against society's foes
A war in which all should engage
To lessen human woes,

Our forty-two of maidens fair,
Arrayed for right and truth,
Decided it should be their care
To help their country's youth.

So thru that year we bravely fought
Toward the goal that we desired,
And strove to learn whate'er was taught,
With that ambition fired.

But when we pitched our tents once more,
Ten comrades were away;
The rest made up a steady corps
Alert for work and play.

And towards our goal we've striven each day
As Lee would have us do.
We've tried in work and tried in play
To our colors to be true.

Here where so many men have fought
With all their strength and might,
Here where our brave forefathers sought
To win what they thought right;

On this dear spot with mem'ries filled
Of soldiers true and brave;
Here where so many men were killed—
So many found a grave;

Here we have fought our fight as well
As those brave men of old;
For tho no one by bullet fell,
A battle o'er us rolled.

And now at last this war is o'er,
These battles fought and won,
And many hearts are sad and sore
To think school life is done.

We now go to a broader field,
The broader field of life,
And to its foes we'll never yield,
But still keep up the strife

Against those ancient hated foes,
Of ignorance and woe;
This is the warfare each one chose;
To battle now we go.

Those foes are still within our land;
Our country needs the brave;
We each have given heart and hand
Our nation's youth to save.

ELSIE COLEMAN.

THE BATTLEFIELD



Class 1913

MOTTO: Live on the Heights

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

COLORS: Lavender and Green

The fragrant flowery days of June have come to us again,
But we view their golden splendor with a gladness fraught with pain.
They bid us cease from labor, and we find that message sweet,
Yet they bring another message which our hearts ache to repeat.

Chorus

Dear Class of 1913, we tonight must say farewell,
The sorrow that we feel at this no mortal tongue can tell,
For two short years we've toiled here, and now our work is o'er,
We part tonight to meet again, united never more.

We now must leave the Normal where we've spent such happy hours,
And our sorrow at this thought now plans for future joy o'erpowers,
Tho' we've often longed for freedom when our world appeared unkind,
We realize that with it we must leave school joys behind.

We now must leave school life, and leave each privilege and rule,
For we are passing from school life to life's great glorious school.
Here we have been preparing for the work that we must do,
For the world is needing workers who have proven tried and true.

To leave our comrades makes us sad and fills our hearts with pain,
We know this happy company will never meet again.
The brightest gem of memory's crown is that whose shining rays,
Brings back the recollection of these happy past school days.

ELSIE COLEMAN.

THE BATTLEFIELD

KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN
Warrenton, Virginia

"Katharine," "Kit," "Aurora Borealis"

Katharine's sure to be much in demand
If any good singing is planned.
She accompanies well
And our singers can tell
That this art is too rare in the land.



Vice-President Class, 1912-13
Music Editor THE BATTLEFIELD
Vice-President Glee Club, 1912-13
Secretary-Treasurer Red-Headed Club
Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1912-13
Chairman Social Committee Y. W. C. A., 1911-12
Accompanist Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society
Better-to-Sew My Dear Club
Cynics' Club

ELIZABETH LINDSAY BILLINGSLEY
Lignum, Virginia

"Bill"

There is a young lady called Bill;
There's a rumor she sometimes keeps still;
Her eyes sparkle with fun
When some mischief is done
And she talks like a run-away mill.

Cynic's Club
Anti-Crush Club
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society
Better-to-Sew My Dear Club
Rifle Club
Nightingale Club.



LOTTIE LEE BROADDUS
Smoots, Virginia

"Lot"

From Caroline comes Lottie Lee;
At basketball, clever is she;
She has not much to say;
Yet her smile day by day
Wins new friends for our dear Lottie Lee.

President Athletic Association
President Caroline Club
Captain Basketball Team, 1911-12
Chairman Inter-Collegiate Committee Y. W. C. A.
Anti-Crush Club
Post Walking Club



THE BATTLEFIELD

MATTIE HOGGE BUNKLEY

Tampico, Virginia

"Bat"

There is a young widow called Mattie;
She's neither too thin nor to fatty;
Down the hill she will go
With the rest in a row,
Looking always so neat and so natty.

Y. W. C. A., 1911-12-13

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13



MARY ELIZABETH CHESLEY

Fredericksburg, Virginia

There is a young lady named Mary,
Not the one who was very contrary;
For this Mary is dear;
She is full of good cheer,
And *she warbles just like a canary.*

Y. W. C. A.

Dramatic Club

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society

Rifle Club

ALICE CHILTON Φ

Lancaster, Virginia

A student from Lancaster came;
Sweet Alice may well be her name;
A vision we hold—
She'll not teach till she's old;
Some knight will come urging his claim.

Secretary-Treasurer Class, 1911-12

Treasurer Class, 1912-13

President Russell Literary Society, 1911-12-13

President Tennis Club

Vice-President Dramatic Club, 1912-13

Secretary-Treasurer Down The River Club

Secretary-Treasurer "Happy Dozen"

Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club, 1911-12

Duke of House of Lancaster

Cotillion Club



THE BATTLEFIELD



HELEN LANE DANIEL II Σ
University, Virginia
"Helen D"

Fair Helen is brimming with fun,
At school a great feat she has done;
For in Latin 'tis said
She remained at the head
Of a class which consisted of one.

President Senior Class, 1912-13
Prophet Senior Class
President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society,
1911-12-13
Vice-President Y. W. C. A. and Chairman Mem-
bership Committee, 1912-13 Treasurer II Σ 1912-13
Secretary Richmond Club, 1911-12
Chairman Devotional Committee Y. W. C. A.,
1911-12 Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Dramatic Club, 1912-13 Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Richmond Club, 1912-13 Rifle Club, 1912-13
Delegate to State Y. W. C. A. Convention at
Lynchburg, 1912

ELSIE COLEMAN
Chase City, Virginia

There is a young lady, not small,
Whose one wish is to play basketball,
She has many a crush,
Who all talk so much slush
That our "Elsie is pleased with it all.

President Anti-Crush Club, 1912-13
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Tennis Club, 1912-13
Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13
Class Poet
Poetry Editor THE BATTLEFIELD
Rifle Club, 1912-13



ANNA ELIZABETH DIEDRICH
Waverly, Virginia

From Waverly, Anna, dear lass,
Came here with her face for her pass.
There's not one so bright,
When the lessons are light,
As Anna, the wit of the class.

Class Editor THE BATTLEFIELD
Dramatic Club, 1912-13
Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13



THE BATTLEFIELD

ORA CONSTANCE GREEN

Atlee, Virginia

"Miss Ora"

There is a young lady, eighteen,
Who never once idling is seen.
Whenever you look,
She is deep in a book;
But she, even then, is quite Green.

Secretary Class, 1912-13
Leader Green Walking Club, 1912-13
Finance Committee Y. W. C. A., 1911-12-13
Secretary Hanover Club, 1912-13
Russell Literary Society, 1911-12-13



ANNE RAVENEL HENRY II Σ

Woodville, Virginia

"Nell"

There is a young lady named Anne;
Whenever she wants to, she can.
Since her face one might paint
As madonna or saint,
One might get a wrong idea of Anne.

President Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Secretary II Σ 1912-13
Better-to-Sew My Dear Club, 1912-13
Rifle Club, 1912-13



JULIA WESTWOOD KEATON

Hampton, Virginia

"Jute," "Sis"

Miss Keaton, who's likewise called Julia,
Is not at all queer and "peculiar;"
Though not of great size,
She has very bright eyes;
In a contest of wits, she might "fool yeh."

Art Editor THE BATTLEFIELD
Devotional Committee Y. W. C. A., 1911-12-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13
Nightingale Club, 1912-13



THE BATTLEFIELD



FANNIE TYREE KENNEDY
Mineral, Virginia

A gifted young "school marm" is Fannie
As to arts she is master of many.
She can sing like a lark;
She can draw in the dark;
And can cook and can sew, can Fannie.

Y. W. C. A., 1911-1912
Glee Club, 1911-1912
Double Quartette, 1911-1912
Rifle Club, 1912-1913

LUCY KENNEDY
Mineral, Virginia

"Elsie" "L. C."

'Tis Lucy, whose face is as sweet
As her dress is all dainty and neat,
'In the Glee Club she sings,
And, among other things,
She makes candy that cannot be beat.

Glee Club, 1911-1912
Y. W. C. A., 1911-1912



RUTH HELEN LORD
Richmond, Virginia

"Peggy"

Our favorite singer is Ruth,
Beloved for her sweetness and truth;
To her work she will hurry
Right away in a flurry.
I tell you it's hard to catch Ruth.

Class Historian
Secretary Glee Club, 1912-1913
Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1912-1913
Treasurer Richmond Club, 1912-1913
Business Manager Dramatic Club, 1912-1913
Chairman Finance Committee Y. W. C. A., 1912-1913
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1912-1913



THE BATTLEFIELD

BUFORD KIRTLEY LYNE Newport News, Virginia

"Boo" "Ikey" "Meander" "Coutee"

There is a young lady named Lyne;
In music they say she is fine.
Oh, how she can sing
Like a bird in the spring,
This skilful young teacher named Lyne.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief THE BATTLEFIELD
Vice-President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society,
1911-12-13
Secretary Dramatic Club, 1911-12-13
Representative Cynies' Club
Inter-Collegiate Committee Y. W. C. A., 1911-12
Religious Meetings Committee Y. W. C. A., 1912-13
Nightingale Club, 1912-13
Anti-Crush Club, 1912-13
Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Tennis Club, 1911-12-13
Better-to-Sew My Dear Club, 1912-13
Senior Class Basketball Team, 1911-12



NETTIE CORBIN MARYE Fredericksburg, Virginia

Our Nettie, who lives in the city,
Never needs, upon that account, pity.
Though she tears out to school,
She arrives looking cool,
With a color both rosy and pretty.

ANNIE FONTAINE NICHOLAS Scottsville, Virginia

With Margaret goes sister Annie,
Who would have rhymed better with Fannie.
She's so buried in books
That quite often it looks
As if folks didn't interest Annie.

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13
Y. W. C. A., 1912-13
Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1911-12



THE BATTLEFIELD

MARGARET MICOU NICHOLAS
Scottsville, Virginia

"Sidy"

Is it wrong to call Margaret "Nick"
When the editor says, "Now, be quick"?
Not the old Nick, we mean,
That is plain to be seen.
We can rhyme her with sick or with kick.

Chairman Missionary Committee Y. W. C. A.,
1911-12
Chairman Religious Meetings Committee Y. W. C. A.,
1912-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12
Glee Club, 1911-12-13

SALLY HENRIETTE NORRIS
Fredericksburg, Virginia

With flying feet comes merry Sally;
Her clocks and our clocks do not tally.
It oft seems her fate
To reach a class late;
Do you think that, perhaps, she may dally?

Glee Club, 1912-13

MARTHA BELLE PEARCE
Richmond, Virginia

"Big Abby" "Pete" "Cyclops"

The chief of the staff is called Belle;
Her worries no mortal can tell.
Though she frets o'er the 'stuff,'
There's no sign of a huff
From the one who is always a Belle.

Editor-in-Chief THE BATTLEFIELD
President Richmond Club, 1911-12-13
Business Manager Dramatic Club, 1911-12
Dramatic Club, 1912-13
Secretary Woodrow Wilson Literary Society,
1911-12-13
Cynic's Club, 1912-13
Membership Committee Y. W. C. A., 1911-12-13

THE BATTLEFIELD

ELLEN PAULINE PERRY
Fredericksburg, Virginia

"Polly"

There is a young lady named Perry
Who always seems happy and merry,
When it comes to her books,
One can tell by her looks,
She's as clever and bright as she's cheery.

Secretary Russell Literary Society, 1911-12-13



JULIA ANNA RAIFORD
Ivor, Virginia

I know a young lady, a Quaker,
And nothing else you could make her;
You'll think it peculiar
When I tell you it's Julia.
For anything else you might take her.

Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1911-12
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Double Quartette, 1911-12-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13



VERNA LAURIE ROOKS
Cheriton, Virginia

"Rooksie"

One maid, fair and sweet, is named Rooks;
She may not be too fond of her books;
But the first year Field Day
Saw her Queen of the May,
And she is a real queen in her looks.

Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Senior Basketball Team, 1912-13



THE BATTLEFIELD



BERTHA LUMBARD SCRIMGER
Sharps, Virginia

"Bertie"

This maiden would like to be tall,
Tho no one else finds her too small;
She is fond of her books
And is good as she looks.
Surely, Bertha is loved by us all.

Woodrow Wilson Literary, 1911-12-13
Down the River Club, 1912-13
Nightingale Club, 1912-13
Membership Committee Y. W. C. A., 1912-13

ETHEL LOUISE TAYLOR
Newport News, Virginia

"Pat," "Rumplestiltskin," "Puddie"
Ethel Taylor, they say, is ambitious.
If it's true, may her fate be propitious.
In a play she shows art,
For in one she took part
As a gryphon who looked very vicious.

Assistant Editor-in-Chief THE BATTLEFIELD
President Glee Club, 1912-13
President Dramatic Club, 1912-13
Treasurer Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Treasurer Dramatic Club, 1911-12
Chairman Bible Study Committee Y. W. C. A.,
1912-13
Glee Club, 1911-12 Cynics' Club, 1912-13
Better-to-Sew My Dear Club, 1912-13
Krokay Klub, 1912-13 Anti-Crush Club, 1912-13
Tennis Club, 1911-12-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13
Bible Study Committee Y. W. C. A., 1911-12
Basketball Team, 1911-12-13

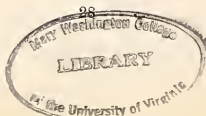


ELIZABETH DOROTHY TRIBLE
Dunnsville, Virginia

"Betsy"

Here comes Betsy, the dear little lass;
She's the prettiest girl in her class;
She can dance like a fairy,
But she's not a bit airy,
Nor fond of her own looking-glass.

Glee Club, 1911-12-13
"Happy Dozen," 1912-13
Tennis Club, 1911-12-13
Krokay Klub, 1912-13
Russell Literary Society, 1911-12-13
Cotillion Club, 1912-13.
Mother Goose Club, 1912-13



THE BATTLEFIELD

WINNIE DAVIS WALKER II Σ
Urbanna, Virginia

"Dee"

There is a young lady called "Dee;"
The girls think few so pretty as she.
O'er the floor she can glide
Like a fair stately bride.
"May" no harm ever "Hurt" our sweet "Dee."

Secretary-Treasurer Russell Literary Society, 1911-12-13

Secretary Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Secretary-Treasurer Tennis Club, 1911-12-13
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Down the River Club, 1912-13
"Happy Dozen," 1912-13
Pi Sigma
Rifle Club, 1912-13



ANNE LATANE WARE Φ
Ware's Wharf, Virginia

Anne Latane's also named Ware;
Her complexion is creamy and fair,
She teaches so well
That her praise we must tell;
And she has the most lovely red hair.

Treasurer Dramatic Club, 1912-13
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Quartette, 1911-12-13
Trio, 1912-13
"Happy Dozen," 1912-13
Russell Literary Society, 1911-12-13
Tennis Club, 1911-12-13



VIRGINIA ISABEL WILLIS
Lignum, Virginia

"Sam"

Isabel is more often called "Sam;"
You'd think her as meek as a lamb;
But this is not right,
For often by night
Are heard shrieks from the meek, little "Sam."

Wit Editor THE BATTLEFIELD
Class Basketball Team, 1911-12-13
President Red Headed Club, 1912-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12-13
Y. W. C. A., 1911-12-13
Tennis Club, 1911-12-13
Dramatic Club, 1911-12-13
Cotillion Club, 1912-13
Better-to-Sew My Dear Club, 1912-13
Rifle Club, 1912-13
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Cynics' Club



THE BATTLEFIELD



GAY VAUGHAN WILSON
Richmond, Virginia

"Gaybell," "Little Wilson," "Jeff"

There is a young lady called Gay;
No matter how busy the day,
She always finds leisure
And thinks it a pleasure
To work for Y. W. C. A.

Business Manager, THE BATTLEFIELD
President Y. W. C. A., 1911-12-13
Vice-President Class, 1911-12
Dramatic Club, 1911-12-13
Glee Club, 1911-12-13
Double Quartette, 1911-12-13
Censor Richmond Club, 1911-12
Richmond Club, 1912-13
Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1911-12

MARY ISABELLA WORTHAM
Chase City, Virginia

"Angel," "Bellum," "Little Abby"

Last in order comes Isabel Wortham.
She has friends—I could help you unearth 'em,
Who are fond of her ways
And are warm in her praise—
I assure you that she is well worth 'em.

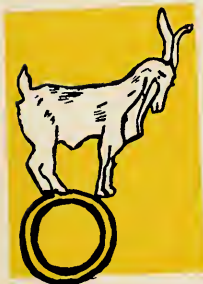
Treasurer Tennis Club, 1911-12-13
Treasurer Woodrow Wilson Literary Society,
1911-12-13
Leader Nightingales, 1912-13
Dramatic Club, 1912-13
Tennis Club, 1911-12-13
Cynics' Club, 1912-13
Anti-Crush Club, 1912-13
Better-to-Sew My Dear Club, 1912-13
Krokey Klub, 1912-13



THE BATTLEFIELD

School History

Away on a hill from the city surrounding us
That it might not hear all our racket and fuss,
There sprang into prominence, as if by might,
Our noble school, may it climb to Fame's height.



On a bright and glorious day toward the close of September, nineteen hundred eleven, the doors of our Normal school swung open to receive—what? Girls, who had left their homes in this and other states, to come here, with the purpose of gaining a little more of the world's knowledge.

We would not mention the tears shed the first weeks; for had they continued, we are afraid we would have been washed away and not one of us would have been left to tell the tale. But such things soon passed, and bright and smiling faces were soon to be seen here and there, and laughter and merriment began to ring through the halls.

As we had, as soon as might be, to furl on high our colors, naturally the question was raised, "What shall our colors be?" We looked about us and beheld the rich orange and brown of the autumn leaves. The beautiful blue of the sky and green of the cedar on which our eyes rested daily, gave a lovely inspiration. Other color combinations were suggested and the rooms were trimmed with the colors, that we might gaze on their beauty and thus determine their value. On the day of the election we assembled *en masse* to make our choice. Ballot after ballot was cast, each time making one less for the final struggle. Finally a mighty cheer arose as the blue and green stood alone. Now and evermore our pins shall carry our colors and a cheer shall be given when our eyes behold the two together. They mean twice as much to us who took part on that memorable day in the selection of the Fredericksburg Normal colors.

On October thirty-first, nineteen eleven, strange and mysterious sights were seen; for ghosts put in their appearance. I fear the school itself would have liked to have a voice and speak. Her lights went out at one time and only by the tiny candle's ray were we able to partake of supper. Later strange looking people walked around the campus and through the building. Did any stay up until midnight to know whether "Fate" would be kind to them or not? We are not prepared to say—what do you think?

On the last Thursday of November as is always the custom, we had a welcome holiday. Some decided they did not wish to keep company with us and so sped to their homes: but a fine time was in store for those who remained.

THE BATTLEFIELD

As the clock struck six, a gay crowd entered the dining room to enjoy a delicious dinner. Afterwards there was music to while away the time.

One evening the "to-be Seniors," tired of a Friday night with nothing to do, had as their guests the Faculty.

The eleventh month, of the year nineteen eleven, witnessed the birth of the Young Woman's Christian Association.

It was not long before the girls had in view some happy days to be, for Christmas was approaching. Such smiling faces were never before seen, and by the twentieth of December, this building felt rather lonesome.

The New Year came in and on the second we tried to settle down to studies. How far we succeeded is unknown.

Then came a winter the like of which we had not seen for years. The Rappahannock was frozen over, and gay skating parties had merry times on the ice. There was plenty of coasting and sleighing and such winter sports as are not possible very often.

Finally came a night when the Faculty saw themselves as the students saw them. The instructors laughed good naturedly as they saw themselves appear.

Very soon the days of Commencement drew near—we spent one evening with the Masters of Art and of Music, feasting our eyes on pictures which could almost speak and listening to beautiful melodies. On Sunday, June ninth, Dr. James from Richmond preached the baccalaureate sermon, and on the next evening, seven students received certificates amid enthusiasm and flowers. Then came the time when there must be a parting. Glancing back, the first year of our Normal brings pleasant memories which we only hope will be increased in number as the years roll on.

RUTH HELEN LORD.

A School Song

Tune: The Orange and the Black.

When the stealthy darkness gathers
And all the ways are dim,
Across the misty valley
There cometh unto him
Who in the shadows walketh,
A radiance, clear and bright,
Whence, cheer and comfort giving,
Shineth forth our Normal light.

The mighty lamp of knowledge
Can turn error's night to day;
The lamps of faith and courage
Drive fear's dark clouds away;
Purity and truth and goodness
Shine amid sin's blackest night.
May each girl who leaves us carry,
As she goes, such blessed light.



Class Prophecy

Hear ye the words of the prophet!

I drank of the waters of forgetfulness, and gazing into the crystal, beheld the fate of many people.

A city, teeming with its millions, spread before me on every side evidences of happiness and prosperity. Such had been the case since the end of the revolution when Gay Wilson was inaugurated President of the United States. With the aid of her cabinet she restored order and was now bringing about a Utopian condition unequalled even during the term, fifteen years before, of her noted relative, Woodrow Wilson. Margaret Nicholas occupied the chair of Secretary of Indignation Meetings; Ruth Lord, Secretary of Husband Regulation; Ethel Taylor, Director of Day Nurseries; Helen Daniel, Secretary of Parcel Post. Presidentress Wilson had tried to secure for the Cabinet the services of K. Bartenstein and L. Broaddus, two of her former classmates; but Miss Bartenstein refused to leave her music by which she had so long been swaying the hearts of her countrymen. Miss Broaddus had decided to rest on the laurels she had won in the World's Marathon contests. Rumor whispered that the honor of laureate of America would be offered to Elsie Coleman, who had so fittingly celebrated these victories in verse.

The "Man's Rights Magazine," edited by Buford Lyne, and the "Woman's Rights Magazine," edited by Belle Pearce, had so far forgotten their long standing feud as to unite in their efforts to place G. Wilson in the presidential chair.

Among the wonderful buildings of this city, one, equipped with all the inventions of modern science, was devoted to the care of all Normal school students who, worn out by long years of struggling to beat knowledge into dull brains, had become dangerously insane or hopelessly melancholy. Sallie Norris mercifully cared for these. The institution had been endowed by Verna Rooks, whose marriage to a multimillionaire made possible such generosity.

In another large building I saw a tall and stately lady with beautiful complexion and prematurely grey hair, conducting a select school for young ladies. It took me some time to recognize her as my old friend, Winnie Walker.

A sprightly crowd attracted my attention, and looking, I beheld an army of modern Amazons prepared for war. General Julia Raiford presented a striking appearance at the head of the column, driving a combination aeroplane and motoreycle. On one side rode her two adjutants, Fanny and Lucy Kennedy, on simpler machines of modern invention.

THE BATTLEFIELD

When the column moved, a very different scene took its place in the crystal. I beheld a luxurious room, lighted by the burning logs in an old fashioned fire place. Several healthy and happy children played round a young matron whose husband sat near by watching the picture. The center of this domestic scene was Nell Henry. In spite of her wonderful success as a teacher of first grade, she had been persuaded that teaching was after all not her true calling.

And now I beheld an enormous Woman's University. There I saw several familiar faces. Julia Keaton was instructing in art, Bertha Scrimger in manual training, and Anne Latane Ware in music. Mrs. Bunkley I saw at the head of the great correspondence department, engaged in disseminating knowledge throughout the country. Anna Diedrich had proved an efficient assistant in this work.

A perfect school system existed in the city which now showed itself in the crystal. Superintendent Pauline Perry had put into practice here the theories advanced by the noted authorities, B. Y. Tyner and Virginia Stone. Her work had been shared for a short time by Annie Nicholas, but the latter had married a learned professor and withdrawn from active labor in educational lines.

The perfect sanitary conditions of the school were due to the efforts of a noted physician, the husband of Alice Chilton.

In this same city I saw the Willis orchestra, conducted by Isabel Willis, charming multitudes with the latest compositions of Bartenstein.

Now I learned the sad fate of Elizabeth Billingsley. She had had a desperate love affair which turned out badly, and she retired to a convent, hoping thus to ease her broken heart and to forget.

I turned from this unhappy countenance to a far brighter one, Ora Green, the president of an agricultural college which had made valuable discoveries for the rural population of the country.

Contributions in a scientific line had been made by Isabella Wortham, who advanced astonishing theories on evolution, and to the religious world by Elizabeth Tribble, lately entered into the ministry.

Of interest also in the religious world was the departure from her native shore of Nettie Corbin Marye. She was bound to the South Pole to Christianize the inhabitants of that continent so recently discovered.

A peculiar object appeared in the crystal. It was the latest model of aero-submarine. Mary Chesley in appropriate costume was about to mount this machine when with a loud explosion the crystal burst into a thousand pieces.

HELEN LANE DANIEL.



ALMOST





CLASS 1914

THE BATTLEFIELD

Class of 1914

MOTTO: The gates are ours to open

COLORS: Orange and Brown

FLOWER: Brown-eyed Susan

Class Officers

JUNIA GRAVES	PRESIDENT
SUE WALKER	VICE-PRESIDENT
NELL FORD	SECRETARY
MYRTIS TANKARD	TREASURER
GRAHAM MASTIN	CLASS EDITOR
AGNES JAMES	HISTORIAN

Class Roll

Mary Ella Acree	Mary Warner Johnson
Carrie Maxwell Acree	Frances Marian Jones
Beatrice Louise Ashley	Emma Woodson Lankford
Iva Celeste Beachboard	Julia Louise Lewis
Angie Haig Bray	Mary Graham Mastin
Isla Catherine Brizendine	Ethel Nash
Lucile Lyell Broun	Pawling Nelms
Lois Nita Burroughs	Nannie Cunningham Oliver
Mary Lindsay Carey	Nannie Waller Parker
Ruth Elmore Clarkson	Rachel Ray Pearce
Belle Pollard Curlis	Lelia Mae Perrin
Azele Curtis	Helen Cabell Phillips
Jessie Gatewood Daffan	Ruth Anita Post
Mary Christine Deierhoi	Katheryne Gresham Rice
Mary Waggener Donnelly	Lucy Gray Richardson
Alice Leah Finney	Sallye Roberts
Martha Pollard Fleet	Annie Louise Scott
Nell Broughton Ford	Kathleen Holt Scott
Helen Campbell Gardener	Sarah Temple Segar
Jane Little Garth	Mary Selden Sneed
Junia Graves	Myrtis Garrison Tankard
Jean Fisher Graves	Eloise Heath Towill
Flora McFaden Hill	Clara Louise von Hofsten
Ella Garnett Hoskins	Susan Dabney Walker
Agnes Christian James	Catherine Elizabeth Ware

3rd Year

'13-'14



THE BATTLEFIELD



Class of 1915

MOTTO: "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

COLORS: Green and White

CLASS SONG: "How Can I Leave Thee?"

FLOWER: White Rose.

Class Officers

MAUDE SEAY	PRESIDENT
JOYCE BRADFORD	VICE-PRESIDENT
LOUISE BURKE	SECRETARY-TREASURER
ALMA RAIFORD	ATHLETIC REPRESENTATIVE
ELIZABETH CHENERY	CLASS EDITOR
MURIEL BARBER	HISTORIAN

Class Roll

Muriel Barber
Joyce Bradford
Soph Brooking
Louise Burke
Elizabeth Chenery
Mary Temple Coleman

Alma Raiford
Charlotte Rice
Elizabeth Smith
Sarah Burke Spindle
Mande Seay



CLASS 1916

THE BATTLEFIELD

Class of 1916

MOTTO: Excelsior.

FLOWER: Daisy.

COLORS: Gold and White.

Class Officers

RUTH CARTER	PRESIDENT
GRACE EDWARDS	VICE-PRESIDENT
ANNE HARRIS	SECRETARY
ETTA DAVIS	TREASURER
ELIZA PEIRCE	EDITOR
NELL HOLLADAY	HISTORIAN

Class Roll

Edna Arnold
 Leah Arnold
 Grace Beazley
 Virginia Bolen
 Virginia Boxley
 Ettinette Broaddus
 Nannie Page Burrus
 Ruth Carter
 Ula Cluverius
 Mary Lin Coleman
 Jennie Cowell
 Etta Davis
 Addie Duff
 Grace Edwards
 Merle Garrett
 Elizabeth Gordon

Lilian Haistlip
 Anne Harris
 Louise Henley
 Nell Holladay
 Mae Hurt
 Waverley Lawson
 Belle Linthicum
 Helen Munro
 Clara Morgan
 Eliza Peirce
 Jane Pitts
 Ethel Robinson
 Virginia Saunders
 Bertha Scott
 Sex Smith



FIRST YEAR

UNKNOWN PERILS AWAIT THEM!!!

THE BATTLEFIELD

Class of 1917

MOTTO: Prosperity is our watchword.

COLORS: Lavender and White.

FLOWER: Violet.

Officers

RUTH WICKHAM	PRESIDENT
COLUMBIA BORUM	VICE-PRESIDENT
EMMA LAWLESS	SECRETARY
EARLE CARTER	TREASURER
EMMA LAWLESS	CLASS EDITOR

Class Roll

Mary Andrews
 Lelia Babcock
 Callie Bailey
 Abbie Ballard
 Effie Ballard
 Lucile Boggs
 Columbia Borum
 Earle Carter
 Lemira Carter
 Bertie Cralle
 Virginia Farinholt
 Janetta Fitzhugh
 Annie Foster
 Marion Harris
 Ora Harris
 Lena Hicks
 Genevieve Jenkins
 Bessie Jesse

Mary Kendall
 Emma Lawless
 Lillie Lee Michie
 Mary Moncure
 Ada Nash
 Hannah Pyke
 Nita Pyke
 Margaret Reamy
 Pattie Lee Richards
 Moody Schools
 Lois Shuman
 Ethel Smith
 Marion Southall
 Josephine Spindle
 Ruth Thomas
 Lillian Waring
 Ruth Wickham
 Russell Yowell



CLASS 1917

THE BATTLEFIELD



Class of 1918

MOTTO: "We are ever striving for the highest."

COLORS: Gold and Black.

FLOWER: Black Eyed Susan.

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Who are we?
We're the Preps,
Of 19, 1 and 3.

LAURA SMITH	PRESIDENT
LOUISE COSBY	VICE-PRESIDENT
LUCY PAYNE	SECRETARY-TREASURER
VIRGINIA GORDON	ATHLETIC REPRESENTATIVE
ETHEL BULLOCK	CLASS EDITOR

Class Roll

Elsie Broaddus
Ethel Bullock
Rosa Burruss
Louise Cosby

Ruby Paulconer
Lula French
Virginia Gordon
Mary Griffin

Pearl Lucas
Fannie Nance
Lucy Payne
Laura Smith

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Kindness Man



THE fire burned low in the grate; a tiny flicker now and then showed still a faint attempt to keep alive. The room was very quiet, and only the fitful breathing of the sick man broke the stillness.

A woman with wide, sleepless eyes sat by the bed, a woman whose hair was sprinkled with gray, and whose hands were roughened with toil. It was his mother.

By and by a nurse, immaculate in white cap and uniform, came to the door and looked in, and as silently withdrew.

The night passed slowly; the doctor came and went, and then came again, for this night would decide whether the man would live or die.

Towards morning the nurse came on duty, and the woman rose and left the room. Outside, under the quiet stars, she fought her battle. The doctors had said that if her son lived, his mind would be a wreck, and that he would remember nothing of his previous life. There, beneath the stars, which were looking down so brightly through the leafless trees, his mother prayed that God would take his life. Then she caught her breath with a dry sob; could she endure it, her first born, her only son?

"No!" she cried, "Oh, God, save my boy."

As she entered the room, the ashes in the grate fell together with a dull thud. The sound seemed to arouse the man, for he stirred uneasily, opened his eyes, and then turned over and fell into a natural sleep.

"He will live," the doctor said briefly.

* * * * *

He was pronounced quite harmless, and after a while people became accustomed to seeing him upon their streets. The children even, forgot to run when he appeared, and ceased to fear the eyes which looked at them so kindly.

Poor fellow! It was as the doctors had said, and not even the memory of his name was left. At first he inquired often what it was, but when they told him, he always shook his head sadly, and said:

"No, that is not right. I never heard that name before."

One day when he came home, he seemed strangely stirred. It was as if some revelation had been given him.

"I know my name at last," he said quietly, with shining eyes. But when his mother questioned him, nothing could induce him to tell what it was, only that it was not the name which she tried to call him.

When he passed a group of children playing in the street, his hand was

THE BATTLEFIELD

raised, as in benediction, and when people saw it they felt a touch of awe at his simple manner and uplifted face.

From that time on he was possessed with a strange fancy; he seemed to have almost a mania for performing any service which he deemed helpful to man or beast. His face came to have a high, exalted look, and a few of the more thoughtful folk of the village wondered sometimes whom he was personifying, for he never asked his name nowadays; or told it either, for that matter, for when money was offered him in return for the help he gave, a troubled look would cross his face, as he replied quickly:

"No, no, I cannot take it. I do it because I——." And that was as far as he ever got, and no amount of questioning ever drew from him anything further.

The place he called home became the refuge for all the stray or afflicted animals of the neighborhood. By and by, the children gave him a beautiful name. They called him "The Kindness Man," and somehow it stuck to him.

* * * * *

Years passed away, and his was still a familiar figure in the streets of the town. The little woman who was his mother, had long since become only a memory. The hair about his temples was white now, and his form not so erect as of old.

A new generation of children loved their Kindness Man in these days, and a new set of strays and waifs shared his quarters. These were his friends.

And then there came a day when the village was in great peril, and through what seemed a miracle, it was the hand of the Kindness Man which saved them from the danger.

As he lay there in the moonlight with upturned face, when they found him, one hand was raised as in benediction, and while they crowded weeping around his torn and mangled body, a dog slipped through the crowd and licked his cold face.

They laid him to rest in the quiet cemetery by the lake, and the hemlocks which waved over him, seemed to whisper in their branches:

"The Kindness Man; the Kindness Man."

That night a little girl said to her mother:

"I wonder who he thought he was." And her mother answered:

"We will never know." But the pines and the hemlocks murmured softly:

"We know, we know," and bent very low, as if they too, loved the Kindness Man.

JUNIA GRAVES.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Alice in Wonderland

State Normal School
Fredericksburg, Va.

December 16th, 1912

Ball H. H.

THE BATTLEFIELD

One of Jack Porter's Escapes

It was in the very hottest part of the war. The Northern soldiers passed back and forth continually by the little cottage in which Mrs. Porter lived. There was a full Northern regiment encamped near by which was trying to find the whereabouts of the Southern troops, but had so far tried in vain. They had found out, however, that Mrs. Porter was very ill and that she was the mother of Jack Porter, the most valuable and daring scout that Longstreet had. They also had an idea that Longstreet was somewhere within a radius of ten miles but could discover nothing more. So they kept secret but intent watch on the little white cottage day and night.

It was now Monday evening and Mrs. Porter had sent for her son on Saturday, almost wishing he would not come, and yet longing to see him and know that all was well. The evening wore into twilight, and twilight into night and night had worn into morning when Jack appeared.

He, of course, could only stay one hour and even then the danger was trebled every minute. In his anxiety about his mother's condition, Jack had almost forgotten that the Federals were the nearest neighbors, and that he suspected they were watching for him. He was almost deciding that he would stay half an hour longer, when the maid, Lucy, came rushing up declaring that the yard was full of "Yankee" soldiers and that an officer was talking to old Aunt Liza on the porch.

Then Aunt Liza came up in a terrible state of agitation, saying that the officer had found out that Jack was in the house; that he would give him a quarter of an hour in which to give himself up, as he did not wish to search the house in consideration of Mrs. Porter's condition; but that after that time had elapsed the house would be searched from garret to cellar.

There was certainly not a moment to lose, because, in spite of Aunt Liza's protestations, that young marster hadn't never been there, the officer was sure of his game and was determined to carry out his search. Of course, there was no place in which Jack could hide in such a small house and no hope of help from the comrades so nearby, as they were greatly inferior in number to the Federals. If he could not get off from the house inside of fifteen minutes, there was nothing ahead of him but the gallows. But Jack wasn't to be so easily stumped by a big bunch of Yankees whom he had been perplexing for a good while, and who didn't know anything about how to catch a smart Rebel. So the first thing Aunt Liza knew, she was stuffing "young marster" out with pillows, blacking his face and dressing him in her own clothes.

It was all done inside of ten minutes and Jack, bonneted and remodeled after the image of Aunt Liza, was downstairs with the water bucket going to

THE BATTLEFIELD

the spring through the dim morning light, as the good old mammy always did before getting breakfast.

When the Federal officer made his search, naturally it was in vain and he had to go away unsuccessful. As the real mammy went to the spring really to get water, she said, "Thank de Lawd, I goes to de spring 'bout dis time ebbery mawnin'."

NELL HOLLADAY.

"The Rising Bell"

Come, children, listen to my song,
This is the tale I have to tell;
It's all about an awful wrong
We've suffered from the rising bell.

There is a sound at break of day,
A sound that almost makes us yell;
Because it drives our dreams away.
We know it is the rising bell.

The maid stops just outside each door
To wake the girls; she rings it well,
Until we wish to hear no more
The peals of that loud rising bell.

But when the parting time draws near,
It makes us sad to say farewell,
To leave the girls now grown so dear,
And no more hear the rising bell.

VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN.



THE BATTLEFIELD



GAY V. WILSONPRESIDENT
HELEN L. DANIELVICE-PRESIDENT
KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN, SECRETARY
RUTH LORDTREASURER

Chairmen

HELEN L. DANIEL.....MEMBERSHIP
MARGARET NICHOLAS,
RELIGIOUS MEETINGS
ETHEL TAYLORBIBLE
RUTH CARTERMISSIONARY
RUTH HELEN LORD.....FINANCE
LOTTIE BROADDUS....INTER-COLLEGIATE
EMMA LANKFORDSOCIAL
CARY GRAVES.....ADVISORY OFFICER

THE BATTLEFIELD



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Members

Mary Aeree	Mary Deierhoi	Ruth Lord	Sex Smith
Beatrice Ashley	Mary Donnally	Buford Lyne	Mary Snead
Lelia Babcock	Grace Edwards	Graham Mastin	Marion Southall
Callie Bailey	Virginia Farinholt	Helen Monroe	Myrtis Tankard
Katharine Bartenstein	Alice Finney	Louise Motley	Ethel Taylor
Iva Beachboard	Nell Ford	Fanny Nance	Elizabeth Triple
Grace Beazley	Bessie Foster	Annie Nicholas	Anne Latane Ware
Lucile Boggs	Lula French	Margaret Nicholas	Roberta Washington
Virginia Bolen	Helen Gardiner	Nannie Oliver	Sue Walker
Virginia Boxley	Merle Garrett	Lucy Payne	Ruth Wickham
Joyce Bradford	Jane Garth	May Payne	Isabel Willis
Lottie Broadbuss	Florence Graves	Belle Pearce	Gay Wilson
Soph Brooking	Jean Graves	Rachel Pearce	Russell Yowell
Lucile Broun	Junia Graves	Eliza Pierce	Annie I. Anthony
Mattie H. Bunkley	Ora Green	Ruth Post	Marion C. Forbes
Rosa Burruss	Anne Harris	Alma Raiford	Cary Graves
Nannie Page Burruss	Ora Harris	Julia Raiford	Olive M. Hinman
Ruth Carter	Louise Henley	Margaret Reany	Mrs. W. N. Hamlet
Mary Chesley	Clara von Hofsten	Latane Riee	Virginia Stone
Alice Chilton	Agnes James	Maude Seay	Frances L. Withers
Ruth Clarkson	Mary Warner Johnson	Moody Schools	W. N. Hamlet
Ula Cluverius	Julia Keaton	Lois Shuman	Gunyon M. Harrison
Elsie Coleman	Mary Kendall	Bertha Scott	E. H. Russell
Bertie Cralle	Emma Lankford	Kathleen Scott	Virginia M. Goolrick
Helen Daniel	Waverly Lawson	Bertha Scrimger	
Etta Davis	Louise Lewis	Sara Temple Segar	

THE BATTLEFIELD

Y. W. C. A. History



THROUGH the efforts of Miss Cary Graves, we had with us in October, 1911, Miss Claris Crane, our Territorial Secretary of Y. W. C. A. work. At this time, she presided over a meeting of the students and faculty of the school, to elect temporary officers for the establishment of a Young Woman's Christian Association. On November 28th, the Constitution of the Y. W. C. A. was drawn up and the permanent officers were elected as follows: Gay Wilson, president; Julia Raiford, vice-president; Marguerite Dowden, secretary; Annie Nicholas, treasurer. Soon after this, the Chairmen and members of the various committees were chosen, and the work progressed rapidly from this time.

Our first participation in the National work of the Y. W. C. A. was the observance of the week of Prayer in November; our first attempt to raise money for the carrying on of the work was made by giving a Christmas Bazaar, which was very successful; our first public function was a reception given in January to the school. This was largely attended and enjoyed by all. Many other small entertainments were given through the year, such as monthly birthday parties and a Martha Washington Party. In May, a Mock Faculty Meeting was given, to the enjoyment of many, and the proceeds from this went to increase the general fund.

The Systematic Giving Plan, which has been carried on very successfully, was introduced about this time; the money obtained in this way was donated to the cause of home and foreign missions.

During the winter, our president started the Morning Watch meetings, which many of us found to satisfy a long-felt need. Along with this, were started three Mission study classes, and Bible classes, one of which was taught by a student.

In March, two of our number were sent as representatives to the State Y. W. C. A. Conference at Lynchburg, where they received much encouragement and inspiration to bring back to their fellow-workers. In April, a large delegation of girls attended the Student Volunteer Conference in Richmond—indeed our school had the largest representation of any girls' school there.

One of the especial objects of our year's work, was realized when we obtained one of the nicest rooms in Russell Hall for a Y. W. C. A. room, in which to hold our weekly meetings, cabinet meetings and small entertainments. We lost no time in furnishing this room with an attractive center table and set of chairs, a rug and window curtains, in order to make it a pleasant meeting place for the girls during the day.

THE BATTLEFIELD

In April, the new officers were elected, and plans were made at once for the work of the coming year.

With the opening of school in September, we were all on hand, ready and eager to begin, with the hope of making as successful a year in every way as was in our power.

We raised the membership in proportion to the increased number of pupils enrolled; we doubled our budget; and established Bible and Mission classes, in addition to two Normal training classes, which have been very helpful to all who have entered them. We devoted our foreign missionary money to Miss Guitna's work in India, and with the home missionary money we have established a scholarship in the school, to aid needy girls in obtaining an education which they might be unable to secure without help.

As this year draws to a close, and our term of office expires, we feel that we have not done this work to the extent of our ability. We wish that we could do it over and do it better; but as this is impossible, let us remember, as we go out into the world to enter a larger field of work, where opportunities are more numerous and the need is greater, to take hold of every opportunity as it comes to us, and do our best with it, for only in this way can we feel that we have done what we could.

KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN.

ATHLETICS



Athletic Association

Officers

LOTTIE BROADDUS	PRESIDENT
SEX SMITH	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY WARNER JOHNSON	SECRETARY
RUTH CARTER	TREASURER

Members

STUDENT BODY

Winners of Basketball Monograms

Myrtis Tankard '14	Ella Garnett Hoskins '14	Lottie Broaddus '13
Sex Smith '15	Bertha Scott '16	Mary Snead '14
Virginia Bolen '16	Sallye Roberts '14	
Luey Gray Richardson '14	Mary Warner Johnson '14	

Advisory Committee

William N. Hamlet	Olive M. Hinman	Gunyon M. Harrison
Cary Graves	Annie I. Anthony	

YELLS

1.

Rub-a-d-dub!
 Rub-a-d-dub!
 Put the other team under the tub
 Tickle the tub!
 Tickle the tub!
 Rad—Rah—Rah!

2.

Rifety, rifety, raff!
 Chifety, chifety, chaff!
 Rifety raff, chifety chaff;
 Let's give them a horse laugh!
 Hee—Haw!

3.

Rah, Rah, green!
 Rah, Rah, blue!
 Get there Normal School!
 P. D. Q.

4.

F. S. N. S. is our cry!
 V—I—C—T—O—R—Y—!

5.

Cheer, cheer, chou, chou!
 Bou, bou, High School!
 Sausage!

SONGS

1.

Tune—Washington and Lee Swing.
 When the S. N. S. girls fall in line,
 They're sure to win a game this very
 time.
 With every throw the ball does make
 a score,
 And we shall yell, yell, yell until our
 throats are sore,
 And we shall fight, fight, fight for
 every ball.
 What does it matter if the other team
 fall;
 To the old Varsity team we'll give this
 yell:

Rah, Rah, Rah.

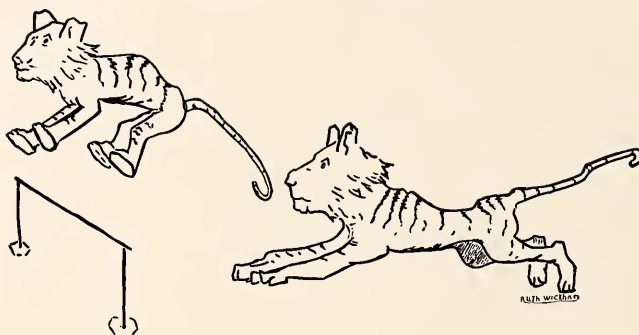
2.

Tune—Down by the Old Mill Stream.
 Down in the old gym room
 Where our school team stands,
 With a smile on their faces,
 And the ball in their hands.
 Watch them how they throw!
 They will win we know!
 But bless your soul
 There goes a goal!
 In the old gym room.



TROPHY CUP

THE BATTLEFIELD



Spring of 1912

Every one knows that the long fierce struggle in the series of contests was between the five regular classes as to which would win the "Trophy Cup."

The series of contests consisted of the following events:

Basketball	25 points
Tennis	25 points
Field Day Events	50 points

The field day events included:

Swimming	50-yard dash
Standing broad jump	Hurdle race
Relay race	Potato race
Sack race	Three-legged race
	Obstacle Relay Race

After a hard fight the Third Year Class, having won in Basketball and the highest number of points on Field Day, triumphantly carried off the "Trophy Cup."



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

SEX SMITH	CAPTAIN	MARY WARNER JOHNSON	BUSINESS MANAGER
LOTTIE BROADBUDS {	GUARDS	MARY WARNER JOHNSON {	FORWARDS
SEX SMITH		ELLA GARNET HOSKINS {	
MYRTIS TANKARD	SIDE CENTER	SALLYE ROBERTS	JUMPING CENTRE

THE BATTLEFIELD

Basketball of 1912-13



THE history of the "Varsity Team" was a struggle with the Fredericksburg High School in a series of three games. The first game was played November 23, 1912, the score being 20 to 5, in favor of the Varsity. The level-headed playing and quick pass work were the chief characteristics of the home team, while the guards on the High School were not to be surpassed. At no stage of the game was the result in doubt; but the plucky sextet from Fredericksburg High School showed themselves game to the core.

The second game was played December 18, 1912, with a score, 14 to 7, in favor of Normal School. This game was very brilliant, full of interest and tension and excited the admiration of every one.

Defeat did not seem to affect the Fredericksburg High School rooters, for they cheered the defeated team just as long, and just as loudly as if they had been victorious.

The Varsity Team with palpitating hearts and high hopes won the last of the series of three games with the Fredericksburg High School which was played March 1, 1913. Our very souls thrill now with the recollection of that game. The vast crowd watched with breathless and intense silence the play of the ball across the courts. At the end of the first half the score was 7 to 4 in favor of Varsity. During the second half it seemed that an electric shock passed over the players. The ball shot like lightning from center into the Varsity goal. Not a single field goal was made by the visiting team, but their free throws were beautiful to see. The ball passed from center down to the Fredericksburg High School goal, but alas! the whistle blew which was like a death knell to their hopes, the score being 19 to 4 in favor of the Varsity Team.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Our Varsity Team



N days of old our warriors bold
To honors great aspired;
But in our day, the maidens play
For garlands they've admired.

Upon the field they never yield
The game that should be theirs;
Tho' many fall in basketball,
For this no athlete cares.

So, on our team we ever beam,
And loud their praise we sound,
"The Normal ball will never fall
While the Varsity Team's around."

SOPH BROOKING.



BASKETBALL SUBS

Left to right beginning with front row.

Snead, Mary
Pitts, Jane
Henley, Louise
Finney, Alice
Scott, Bertha
Wickham, Ruth
Bolen, Virginia
Sowill, Eloise
Willis, Isabel
Arnold, Edna

Ilicks, Lena
Carter, Ruth
Beazley, Grace
Post, Ruth
Carter, Earle
Jenkins, Genevieve
Shuman, Lois
Bailey, Callie
Curtis, Azele
Cralle, Bertie

Pearce, Rachel
Andrews, Mary
Schools, Moody
Thomas, Ruth
Nash, Ada
Rice, Charlotte
James, Agnes
Gordon, Virginia
Lankford, Emma

Graves, Junia
Ford, Nell
Graves, Jean
Ashley, Beatrice
Raiford, Alma
Aeree, Mary
Brizendine, Isla
Donally, Mary
Garth, Jane



TENNIS CLUB

Members

Elizabeth Triple
 Anne Latané Ware
 Louise Lewis
 Isabel Willis

Mary Deterhol
 Emma Lawless
 Elsie Coleman
 Ethel Taylor

Officers

ALICE CHILTON PRESIDENT
 WINNIE WALKER SECRETARY
 ISABEL WORTHAM TREASURER

Members

Birford Lyne
 Lilian Haislip
 Jane Garth
 Louise Henley

Sue Walker
 Alice Chilton
 Isabel Wortham
 Winnie Walker



KROKAY KLUB

THE BATTLEFIELD



Krokay Klub

CONSTITUTION: Every body must play all the time.

BY-LAW: No game shall be played without the presence of Mrs. Chandler.

CHIEF OCCUPATION: Knocking.

COLORS: Red, blue, green, black, yellow, orange, brown and pink.

MOTTO: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

APPLIED TITLES

She plays all the time—Mrs. Chandler.

Chief pusher—Catharine Ware.

First assistant chief pusher—Bertie Cralle.

“Save the wicket”—Mary Cary.

“Where is my ball?”—Mary Snead.

She believes in separating partners—Ella Garnett Hoskins.

Always roving—Bertha Scott.

Sometimes makes a wicket—Clara Morgan.

Rah ! Rah ! for Krokay—Olive Hinman.

Speaks gently in German when she misses a wicket—Eliza Pierce.

“Don’t separate us”—Ethel Taylor and Belle Wortham.

"Please don't send me away"—Waverly Lawson.

A sure hitter—Helen Gardiner.

"Don't send my ball away"—Lucile Brown.

Never breaks rules—Emma Lankford.

Never dead on balls—Nannie W. Parker.

Famous wire striker—Fanny Nance.

“Oh! that’s awful”—Ula Cluverius.

Always over boundary line—Mary L. Coleman.

“Roll, old ball”—Lillian Haislip.

Gives her ball a lift occasionally—Soph Brooking.

"I can play with one hand"—Betsy Tribble.

"I must become a rover"—Ruth Clarkson.

"Good eye"—Kathleen Scott.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Walking Clubs

JUNIA GRAVES PRESIDENT
 GRACE EDWARDS SECRETARY AND TREASURER
 MISS GRAVES HONORARY MEMBER
 MOTTO: "Keep a-going"
 COLORS: Road red and grass green

FLOWER: Running cedar.

THE GLOBE TROTTERS

SALLYE ROBERTS LEADER
 MR. HARRISON HONORARY MEMBER

THE SPORTS

LARA VON HOFSTEN LEADER
 MR. HAMLET HONORARY MEMBER

Members

Angie Bray	Sue Walker
Agnes James	Maude Seay
Joyce Bradford	Mary Warner Johnson
Myrtis Tankard	Lillian Haislip
Jean Graves	Eloise Towill
Nell Ford	Mary Deierhoi
Nannie Oliver	Emma Lankford
Margaret Reamy	Alice Finney
Junia Graves	

Members

Edna Arnold	Genevieve Jenkins
Leah Arnold	Mary Kendall
Lelia Babcock	Mae Perrin
Isla Brizendine	Pattie Lee Richards
Nannie Page Burruss	Lucy Grey Richardson
Belle Curlis	Anna Scott
Helen Gardiner	Marian Southall
Ora Harris	Lillian Waring
Lena Hicks	Lila Williams



THE GREEN WALKING CLUB

ORA GREEN LEADER
 MISS ANTHONY HONORARY MEMBER

Members

Ruth Carter	Callie Bailey
Earle Carter	Eloise Towill
Ruth Thomas	Grace Beazley
Jennie Cowell	Moody Schules
Lois Shuman	Marian Jones

THE POST WALKING CLUB

RUTH POST LEADER
 MISS JACKSON HONORARY MEMBER

Members

Beatrice Ashley	Grace Edwards
Lottie Broadbus	Merle Garrett
Columbia Borum	Helen Munro
Iva Beachboard	Ada Nash
Bertie Cralle	Jane Pitts
Louise Cosby	Ruth Wickham

THE BATTLEFIELD



Glee Club

Officers

ETHEL TAYLOR	PRESIDENT
KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN	VICE-PRESIDENT
RUTH LORD	SECRETARY
KATHLEEN SCOTT	TREASURER
MISS FRASER	DIRECTOR
KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN	ACCOMPANIST

Members

Mary Acree	Anna Diedrich	Emma Lawless	Maude Seay
Maxie Acree	Mary Deierhoi	Ruth Lord	Mary Suead
Beatrice Ashley	Grace Edwards	Mary Moncure	Myrtis Tankard
Lucille Boggs	Alice Finney	Ethel Nash	Ethel Taylor
Joyce Bradford	Martha Fleet	Ada Nash	Eloise Towill
Angie Bray	Jane Garth	Pawling Nelms	Clara von Hofsten
Earle Carter	Junia Graves	Margaret Nicholas	Winnie Walker
Elizabeth Chenery	Jean Graves	Nannie Oliver	Catherine Ware
Alice Chilton	Lillian Haislip	Julia Raiford	Ruth Wickham
Elsie Coleman	Nell Holladay	Verna Rooks	Isabel Willis
Mary Lin Coleman	May Hurt	Kathleen Scott	Gay Wilson
Helen Daniel	Mary Warner Johnson		Russell Yowell



GLEE CLUB



PIANO CLASS INSTRUCTOR
 NORA CHURCHILL WILLIS

Students

Leah Arnold	Alice Finney	Nell Holladay	Ada Nash	Margaret Reamy	Virginia Saunders
Ethel Bullock	Florence Graves	Elizabeth Jesse	Fawling Nelson	Catherine Rice	Ruth Thomas
Evelyn Crismond	Jane Garth	Mary Kendall	Nannie Oliver	Ethel Robinson	Lillian Waring
Mary Temple Coleman	Lena Hicks	Emma Lankford	Hannah Pyke	Maudie Seay	Ruth Wickham
Elizabeth Cheney	Anne Harris	Waverly Lawson	Nita Pyke	Lois Shuman	Catesby Willis
Janetta Fitzhugh					



THE NIGHTINGALES

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Nightingales

Aim: To outsing the Glee Club.

Favorite Song: "We won't go home till morning."

When we sing best—at midnight.

BELLE WORTHAM LEADER

Members

Sarah T. Segar, soloist—"Seeing Nellie Home."
 Helen Phillips—Sings do, ti, do, with great gusto.
 Anne Harris—With a voice so sweet and low.
 Julia Keaton—Whoa Mule! Wanka!!
 Bertha Seringer—Her voice is like the babbling brook.
 Charlotte Rice—Is that a Junco we hear?
 Margaret Reamy—Little, but loud.
 Agnes James—Loo, loo, loo.

Grand Quartette

N. W. Parker, baritone, second part.
 Buford Lyne, low soprano, tenor.
 Nell Ford, high bass.
 Agnes James, low bass.

Soloist

Elizabeth Billingsley—"Love's Old Sweet Song."

Quintette

Sallie Roberts, mezzo contralto.
 Louise Henley, shrill second tenor.
 Katherine Rice, diminuendo soprano.
 Margaret Reamy, crescendo alto.
 Belle Wortham, bass baritone.

The twins: Bertha Scott, Ella Garnett Hoskins—"How Can I Leave Thee."



RUSSELL LITERARY SOCIETY

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Russell Literary Society

ALICE CHILTON	PRESIDENT
PAULINE PERRY	SECRETARY
WINNIE WALKER	TREASURER

Members

Angie Bray	Nannie Oliver
Lucile Brown	Nannie Waller Parker
Virginia Bolen	Eliza Pierce
Joyce Bradford	Margaret Reamy
Ruth Clarkson	Kathryne Rice
Mary Lin Coleman	Charlotte Riee
Mary Deierhoi	Sallye Roberts
Nell Ford	Mary Snead
Alice Finney	Bertha Scott
Martha Fleet	Kathleen Scott
Ora Green	Sarah Temple Segar
Ella Garnett Hoskins	Myrtis Tankard
Lilian Haislip	Eloise Towill
Mary Warren Johnson	Elizabeth Tribble
Agnes James	Anne Latane Ware
Emma Lankford	Catharine Ware
Louise Lewis	Winnie Walker



WOODROW WILSON LITERARY SOCIETY

THE BATTLEFIELD

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society

HELEN LANE DANIEL	PRESIDENT
BUFORD KIRTLEY LYNE	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARTHA BELLE PEARCE	SECRETARY
MARY ISABELLA WORTHAM	TREASURER

Members

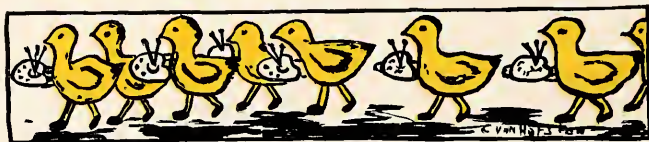
Beatrice Ashley	Nell Holladay
Muriel Barber	May Hurt
Katharine Bartenstein	Julia Keaton
Ira Beachboard	Emma Lawless
Elizabeth Billingsley	Buford Lyne
Lottie Broaddus	Ruth Lord
Soph Brooking	Mary Moncure
Mattie Bunkley	Ada Nash
Elizabeth Chenery	Belle Pearce
Mary Chesley	Ruth Post
Elsie Coleman	Julia Raiford
Helen Daniel	Mande Seay
Anna Deidrich	Bertha Seringer
Janetta Fitzhugh	Ethel Taylor
Jane Garth	Winnie Walker
Jean Graves	Ruth Wickham
Junia Graves	Isabel Willis
Louise Henley	Belle Wortham

Honorary Members

Marion C. Forbes

Virginia M. Goolrick

THE BATTLEFIELD



Famous American Illustrators

BEATRICE ASHLEY

JULIA KEATON

MURIEL BARBER

H. ROBERT MANZ

IVA BEACHBOARD

ADA NASH

SOPH BROOKING

NANNIE OLIVER

MARY DONNALLY

NANNIE W. PARKER

HELEN DANIEL

BERTHA SCRINGER

JEAN GRAVES

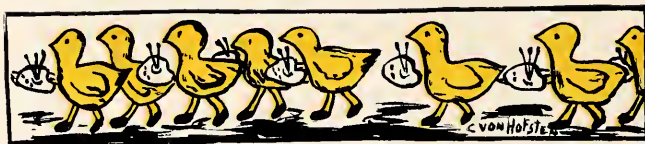
WINNIE WALKER

CLARA VON HOFSTEN

RUTH WICKHAM

OLIVE M. HINMAN

ELIZABETH WINN





SORORITIES



THE BATTLEFIELD

Pi Sigma

FOUNDED DECEMBER, 1911

COLORS: Yellow and White.

FLOWER: Daisy

Sorores in Urbe

JANETTA FITZHUGH
LAURA McBOWMAN
MARY GRIFFIN
MARGUERITE COLBERT

Sorores

ELIZABETH CHENERY
HELEN DANIEL
ANNE HENRY
EMMA LAWLESS
LILLIE MICHIE
MARY MONCURE
HANNAH PYKE
NITA PYKE
LAURA SMITH
WINNIE WALKER



ANNE LATANE WARE

ALICE CHILTON

ANGIE HAIG GRAY

SALLYE ROBERTS

MYRTIS GARRISON TANKARD

LOUISE LEWIS

AGNES JAMES

MARTHA FLEET

THE BATTLEFIELD

Phi

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 27, 1912

COLORS: Violet and Green.

FLOWER: Violet.

Members

ANGIE BRAY

JULIA LOUISE LEWIS

ALICE CHILTON

SALLYE ROBERTS

MARTHA POLLARD FLEET

MYRTIS GARRISON TANKARD

AGNES CHRISTIAN JAMES

ANNE LATANE WARE

Patronesses

OLIVE HINMAN

FRANCES WITHERS

VIRGINIA STONE

THE BATTLEFIELD



Richmond Club

MOTTO: "Do, die or bust."
 COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold.
 FLOWER: Richmond Rose.
 SONG: "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

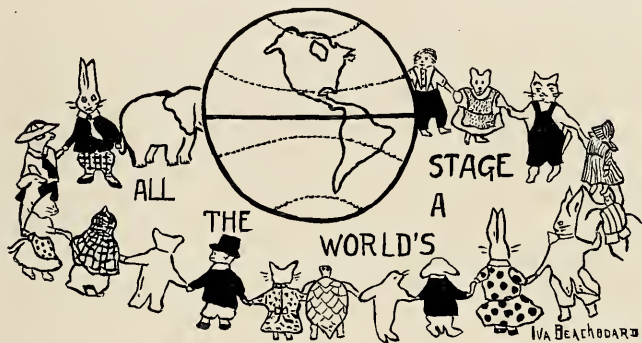
Officers

MARTHA BELLE PEARCE	PRESIDENT
CLARA LOUISE VON HOFSTEN	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARTHA POLLARD FLEET	SECRETARY
RUTH HELEN LORD	TREASURER

Members

Beatrice Louise Ashley	Bertha May Hurt
Calphurnia Anna Bailey	Ruth Helen Lord
Ettienette Hoskins Broadbuss	Helen Anna Munro
Helen Lane Daniel	Martha Belle Pearce
Mary Christine Deierhoi	Rachel Ray Pearce
Martha Pollard Fleet	Gay Vaughan Wilson
Clara Louise Von Hofsten	

THE BATTLEFIELD



Dramatic Club

MOTTO: "We can because we can."

Officers

ETHEL TAYLOR	PRESIDENT
ALICE CHILTON	VICE-PRESIDENT
BUFORD LYNE	SECRETARY
ANNE LATANE WARE	TREASURER
KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN	MUSICIAN
RUTH LORD	BUSINESS MANAGER
VIRGINIA M. GOOLRICK	SPONSOR
GUNYON M. HARRISON, <i>Stage Manager.</i>	

Members

Katharine Bartenstein
 Laura Bowman
 Angie Bray
 Nita Burroughs
 Mary Chesley
 Alice Chilton
 Helen Daniel
 Anna Diedrich
 Martha Fleet
 Ella Garnett Hoskins
 Louise Henley
 Emma Lawless

Louise Lewis
 Ruth Lord
 Buford Lyne
 Belle Pearce
 Charlotte Rice
 Ethel Taylor
 Anne Latane Ware
 Ruth Wickham
 Isabel Willis
 Gay Wilson
 Belle Wortham
 Nannie Oliver



DRAMATIC CLUB

THE BATTLEFIELD



Down the River Club

MOTTO: "We Paddle Our Own Canoe." COLORS: Sea-foam and Sky-blue.

FLOWER: Water Lily.

GRACE EDWARDS	PRESIDENT
LUCILLE BROWN	VICE-PRESIDENT
ALICE CHILTON	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

Angie Bray
 Lucile Broun
 Nita Burroughs
 Mary L. Carey
 Alice Chilton
 Ruth Clarkson
 Bertie Cralle
 Grace Edwards
 Nell Ford
 Lillian Haislip
 Ella Garnett Hoskins
 Agnes James
 Waverly Lawson
 Louise Lewis

Clara E. Morgan
 Pawling Nelms
 Nannie Oliver
 Nannie W. Parker
 Eliza Pierce
 Charlotte Rice
 Kathrynne Rice
 Kathleen Scott
 Bertha Seringer
 Sarah Temple Segar
 Elizabeth Smith
 Mary Snead
 Eloise Towill
 Elizabeth Tribble

THE BATTLEFIELD



Caroline Club

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: Arbutus.

MOTTO: Put off for tomorrow what you can do today.

AIM: To have the mostest fun in the worstest way.

SONG: Take Me Back to Ole Caroline.

Officers

LOTTIE BROADDUS	PRESIDENT
RUTH CARTER	VICE-PRESIDENT
ILA CARTER	SECRETARY
SEX SMITH	TREASURER

Members

Jane Pitts
Ruth Thomas
Earle Carter

Ethel Smith
Lois Shuman
Lena Hicks

Honorary Member

A. B. Chandler, Jr.

THE BATTLEFIELD



Hanover Club

MOTTO: "United we stand, divided we fall."

FLOWER: Red Peony.

COLORS: Red and Green

SONG: "Dat Watermelon Hanging on de Vine."

TOAST: "Here's to the county that we call home,
The happy days when we used to roam
Where the melons sweeten in the summer sun,
And persimmons ripen for winter's fun—
Here's to Hanover.

ELIZABETH CHENERY	PRESIDENT
JENNIE COWELL	VICE-PRESIDENT
ORA GREEN	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Grace Beazley
Ada Nash
Flora Hill

Mae Perrin
Ruth Wickham

THE BATTLEFIELD



House of Lancaster

FLOWER: Red Rose.

COLORS: Red and Green.

MOTTO: Vincemus.

DUKE: AGNES JAMES

EARL: ELIZA PEIRCE

COUNT: ALICE CHILTON

Knights

Nell Ford
Lucile Brown
Louise Lewis

Nannie Oliver
Bessie Jesse
Eloise Towill

THE BATTLEFIELD



King and Queen Court

COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Purple Pansy.

MOTTO: Always ahead.

Members

MAUDE SEAY	KING
MERLE GARRETT	QUEEN
MAXIE ACREE	HERALD
MARY TEMPLE COLEMAN	CHANCELLOR
LOUISE BURKE	JESTER TO HIS MAJESTY
MARY ACREE	OFFICER TO HIS MAJESTY
MOODY SCHOOLS	EXECUTIONER TO HIS MAJESTY
ULA CLUVERIUS	LADY OF THE COURT
LUCY GRAY RICHARDSON	GENTLEMAN OF THE COURT





RIFLE CLUB

THE BATTLEFIELD

Rifle Club

Names reading from left to right.

Alma Raiford	Louise Henley
Virginia Bolen	May Hurt
Marian Jones	Angie Bray
Mary Andrews	Winnie Walker
Joyce Bradford	Nell Ford
Mary Lin Coleman	Nell Henry
Maud Seay	Rachel Pearce
Jessie Daffan	Virginia Boxley
Isla Brizendine	Ruth Clarkson
Soph Brooking	Agnes James
Elsie Coleman	Sallye Roberts
Nannie Page Burruss	Myrtis Tankard
Fanny Kennedy	Charlotte Rice
Mary Chesley	Sex Smith
Lucy Gray Richardson	Virginia Farenholt
Bertie Cralle	Ruth Post
Anne Harris	Ula Cluverius
Moody Schools	Columbia Borum

Organizer—Gunyon Harrison

Expert Rifle Women—Nell Henry, Moody Schools, Elsie Coleman.

Sharpshooters

Sex Smith	Ruth Post
Bertie Cralle	Virginia Boxley

OBJECT OF THE CLUB

We make no apology whatever for the existence of our club. We have already amply disproven the notion that girls can't shoot. If you could just see some of our perforated targets with the poor bull's eye shot all to pieces!

Some ignorant girls and more ignorant boys, may taunt us for handling firearms. They are just jealous because they are too timid or too unsteady to shoot. But we are the unafraid stuff, and we just love shooting, and shooting to hit is too lovely for compare. The open out of doors for us all the time!

Our art is as womanly as it is manly. Who knows how protective it may prove some day? Besides, it gives us steadiness, and courage, and confidence. All right, fellows, whenever you want protection from ghosts or any other old visible or semi-visible enemy that lives, half lives, thinks or thinks he or she or it thinks, or moves, or crawls, or swims, or flies, summon us to the rescue quick. We'll be your saving bodyguard.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Cynics' Club

Motto: Weep and the world weeps with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.

FLOWER: Weeping Willow.

COLORS: Red and Black.

Cynics

Katharine Bartenstein
Elizabeth Billingsley
Lucille Boggs
Grace Edwards
Jean Graves
Junia Graves

Thirteenth Member

Olive M. Hinman

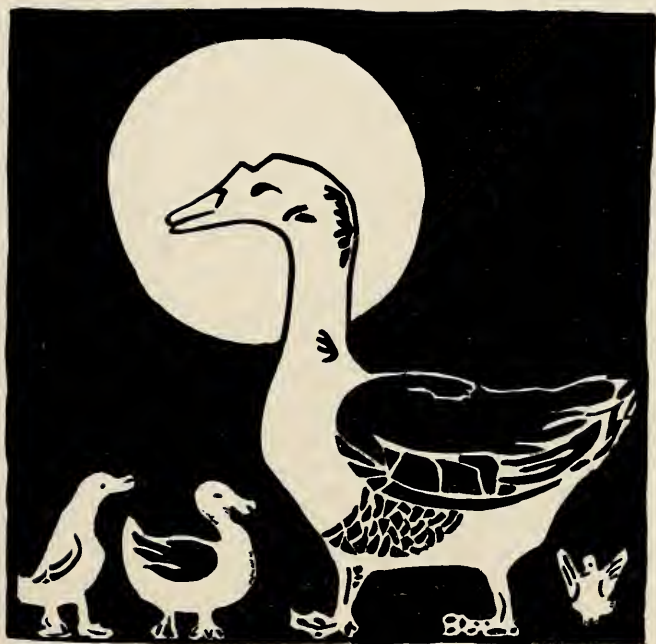


Cynics

Buford Lyne
Belle Pearce
Rachel Pearce
Ethel Taylor
Isabel Willis
Isabella Wortham

SONG: Forgotten.





MOTHER GOOSE CLUB



MOTHER GOOSE CLUB

THE BATTLEFIELD

Mother Goose Club

Geese

<i>Mother Goose</i>	OLIVE HINMAN
<i>Teeny-Tiny</i>	MARY LIN COLEMAN
<i>Punch</i>	MARY WARNER JOHNSON
<i>Judy</i>	NANNIE WALLER PARKER
<i>Tweddle-Dum</i>	BERTHA SCOTT
<i>Tweddle-Dee</i>	ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS
<i>Cross Patch</i>	MARY SNEAD

Goslings

<i>Ten o'clock scholar</i>	ANGIE BRAY
<i>Jack Sprat</i>	NELL FORD
<i>Jack Sprat's wife</i>	SARAH TEMPLE SEGAR
<i>Little Jack Horner</i>	LOUISE LEWIS
<i>Humpty Dumpty</i>	NANNIE OLIVER
<i>Simple Simon</i>	KATHLEEN SCOTT
<i>Miss Muffet</i>	ELOISE TOWILL
<i>Tom, Tom, the Piper's son</i>	BETSY TRIBLE
<i>Old Mother Hubbard</i>	CATHARINE WARE

CONSTITUTION:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

BY-LAWS:

1. A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds.
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

ARTICLE OF MEMBERSHIP:

Speak when you're spoken to.
Come when you're called.
Shut the door after you,
And turn to the wall.

2. Tit for tat—
You kill my dog,
I kill your cat.

MOTTO: Needles and pins, needles and pins.

When a man marries his trouble begins.

COLORS: Light Blue and White.

MASCOT: Little Boy Blue.

YELL: Hot cross buns,
Hot cross buns.
One a penny, two a penny.
Hot cross buns.

Hot cross buns.
Hot cross buns.
If you have no daughters
Give them to your sons.

SONG: Polly put the kettle on,
And then we'll all have tea.

GAME: Dance, thumpkin, dance.
FIRST SWIM: February 14, 1913.



COTILLION CLUB

Monsieurs

E. Coleman
H. L. Daniel
J. Fitzhugh
M. Griffin
M. W. Johnson
E. Lavless
M. P. Moncre
P. Nelms
V. Rooks
B. Scott
E. Taylor
E. Tribble
W. D. Walker

Motto: "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

Color: Pink and Pale Blue.

Flower: Pink Carnation.

ANNE RAVENEL HENRY.....PRESIDENT

WINNIE D. WALKER.....SECRETARY

ETHEL TAYLOR.....TREASURER

Mesdemoiselles

Angie Bray
Muriel Barber
Laura McBowman
Elizabeth Cheney
Alice Chilton
Anna Dieblich
Martha Fleet
Anne R. Henry
Buford Lyne
Charlotte Rice
Isabel Willis

THE BATTLEFIELD



"The Better-to-Sew, My Dear" Club

MASCCT: "Peter Pan of Brompton."

CONSTITUTION: Invite Koko Rowe over real often.

BY-LAW: Miss Hinman shall serve fudge or chocolate with marshmallows in it, every time we meet in her room, under penalty of twenty-five cents fine.

CODICIL: 1. Every member must entertain the club at least once during the session.
2. We will meet once a week, on Saturday afternoon, and so and so and so.

POSTSCRIPT: There shall be always a thirteenth member.

Members

Katharine Bartenstein
Isabel Willis
Buford Lyne
Anne Harris
Louise Henley
Belle Wortham

Ethel Taylor
Lucile Boggs
Bill Billingsley
Nell Henry
Myrtis Tankard

Thirteenth Member

Olive M. Hinman

Honorary Member

Margaret D. Fraser

THE BATTLEFIELD

Happy Dozen Club

MOTTO: Laugh and others will "jine" in.

FLOWER: Pink Carnation.

COLORS: Pink and Pea Green.

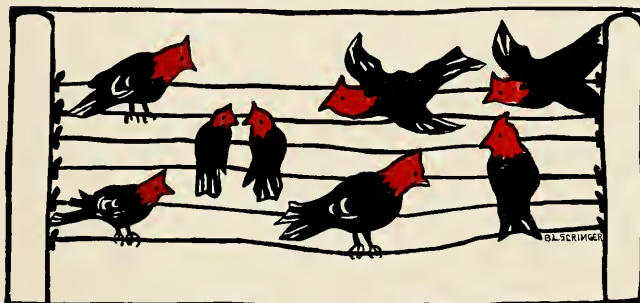
EMMA LANKFORD	PRESIDENT
JOYCE BRADFORD	VICE-PRESIDENT
ALICE CHILTON	SECRETARY-TREASURER
ANNE LATANE WARE	WIT EDITOR

Joyce Bradford
 Angie Bray
 Alice Chilton
 Alice Finney
 Louise Lewis
 Emma Lankford

Grace Edwards
 Kathleen Scott
 Myrtis Tankard
 Betsy Tribble
 Anne Latane Ware
 Winnie Walker



THE BATTLEFIELD



The Red Head Club

MOTTO: "Resolved: That we will be shining lights for midnight wayfarers."

COLOR: Sage Green.

CHARM: Rabbit's foot.

FLOWER: White Rose.

ISABEL WILLIS	PRESIDENT
ANNE LATANE WARE	VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHARINE BARTENSTEIN	SECRETARY-TREASURER
KOKO ROWE	HONORARY MEMBER

Lillian Haislip
 Laura Smith
 Flora Hill

Lois Shuman
 Mary Deierhoi
 Sue Walker

THE BATTLEFIELD



Anti-Crush Club

MASCOTS

MARGUERITE CARTER

WARREN RUSSELL

MOTTO: Love everybody, crush nobody.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

FOOD: Kisses.

Crushers

Sallye Roberts and Rachel Pearce
Buford Lyne and Mary Donnally
Ethel Taylor and Isabel Wortham
Lottie Broaddus and Sex Smith
Elizabeth Billingsley and Elsie Coleman





SOCIETY

THE BATTLEFIELD

Y. W. C. A. Reception



N Friday evening, September 19, 1912, the Young Women's Christian Association gave a reception to the student body and faculty of the school, in honor of the new girls.

In the receiving line were our president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Miss Forbes, our lady principal, and the officers of the association in order. As the long line of girls passed by, a word of greeting and a hand of welcome was extended to each.

A short program of entertainment had been arranged for the evening. The first number was a tableau of "The Pink Lady," represented by a girl gowned in pink and white, and seated in a graceful pose, while the "Pink Lady" was sung by a quartette of girls. Another tableau, "A Garden of Roses," showed the faces of a number of girls wreathed in roses, while the song was rendered as a solo. Several entertaining recitations were given, and some songs of the old double quartette.

After this, the assembly was requested to march around and pass through Blue Beard's den before returning to their seats. On arriving in Blue Beard's den their faces blanched and their blood turned cold to see the awful Blue Beard in person, striding up and down his den as he muttered dreadful threats and waved his sword in threatening circles; but most awful of all was the spectacle of his unfortunate wives strung to the wall by their hair, while drops of blood trickled down their faces.

After this nerve-straining ordeal, the tension was relaxed by the serving of simple refreshments, after which the evening closed with many expressions of enjoyment from the guests.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Tacky Party

Great excitement reigned in the dormitory on the evening of October the fifth. Garments of the most gorgeous hues were exchanged and donned for the great event; faces were painted and masks made. Finally all in their most glittering array assembled in Russell Hall.

The fun began in the proper way by serving delightful refreshments consisting of a stick of peppermint candy stuck in a lemon. In two corners of the room gypsies had pitched camp. These were presided over by the two "belles" of the school, Misses Wortham and Pearce, both of whom told with marvelous foresight and power, the unknown future to all who applied. In the center of the room a herald beat a dish pan as an invitation to come and, with eyes blindfolded, try to pin the giraffe's tail in the proper place. Many attempted, some even getting it so close as to pin it on the poor animal's ear and nose. Finally the grand parade, the real event of the party, came. The faculty sat in state and watched closely to judge who had reached the artistic height in tackiness. Truly a hard problem, but after much discussion it was decided that Miss Angie Bray should receive the first prize; Miss Graham Mastin, the second, and Miss Ruth Carter, the third. The prizes were awarded by Mr. Tyner, and as it had been previously announced that they would be every girl's heart's desire, the fortunate ones opened them with eagerness, while the others looked on in expectant silence. They proved to be all that was claimed: each a man in miniature, the more appreciated because they are so scarce. After some dancing the party was over.

T H E B A T T L E F I E L D

The Hallowe'en Party

On Hallowe'en night a party was given to the faculty and students by the Y. W. C. A. As the lights did not burn, the guests were rather late in going to the gym, where the party was given.

A few girls started out before the lights came on, nevertheless. They were met a little distance from the dormitory by a band of witches. At the gym door they were met by another band.

When the lights appeared the rest of the guests arrived and the party began. There was a witches' dance, after which refreshments were served and the guests had their fortunes told.

All then went to the basketball court where two large fires were burning. The rest of the evening was spent in toasting marshmallows before these fires.

Soon the time for departure arrived and the students and faculty went away feeling that they had spent a very pleasant evening.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Thanksgiving Dinner

Menu

OYSTERS ON HALF SHELL

CELERY

PICKLE

OYSTERETTES

ROAST TURKEY

CRANBERRY SAUCE

POTATO AU GRATIN

FRENCH PEAS

ASPARAGUS TIPS ON TOAST

NEAPOLITAN CREAM

ASSORTED CAKES

DEMI-TASSE

MINTS

NUTS

FRUIT

THE BATTLEFIELD

Our Maiden Attempt at Entertaining

The First Professional Class met and decided to have an entertainment—principally to show off the talent and wit of the class, and to make some money for the Athletic Association, by the way. It was to excel everything before dreamed of in modern history, and it fulfilled its purpose, for, since the days of the Olympian games, nothing has held an audience as spell bound.

There were tableaux—some even moving tableaux—which even up-to-date Fredericksburg has not yet attained. The operatic stars reached their climax in "Kentucky Babe," for the rendering of that solemn and pathetic symphony was in advance of even the twenty-first century.

If Washington Irving had thought that any of his productions would ever be reproduced by such celebrated actresses he would have had a much greater fondness for the fair sex. We were determined to have everything new, so Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones galloped through "Sleepy Hollow" on their bony skeletons—called horses—going to Katrina's.

Between these marvelous performances, instrumental solos were rendered by one of our fair damsels. All the glory and beauty of this occasion belonged entirely to us—the First Professionals—except one important feature, and we felt that this, too, belonged to us in great part. For the witty speeches of one of our most loyal friends tided us over many difficulties, and helped, to a great extent, in making our maiden attempt the decided success it was. If any one doubts that it was a success, let him ask how much "chink" we took in.

The Book Party

The Y. W. C. A. entertained its members with a book party on January 25, 1913. Among the guests was a lad with his sleeve hanging pathetically empty, and his freckled face aglow with health. A lady, gorgeous in dress of Japanese fashion, excited much curiosity, while a boy and girl with their bright scarfs and queer wooden shoes made one think of far-away Holland. Many were decorated with emblems which seemed to have a hidden significance.

What did it mean?

Each person had been asked to represent a book; that explained the queer costumes and strange decorations which some of the guests wore. "Hans Brinker's" devotion to "Gretchen" was understood, while "Freckles" made an appeal to our sympathy none the less strong. Especially apt representations were made of "Leather Stocking Tales," "The Open Question," and "The Moonstone." Much entertainment was afforded by guessing the names of the books which were represented.

The guests were entertained by music and recitations, and when refreshments were served and the guests took leave, all agreed that the occasion had been one of great pleasure.

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Buns

On January the twenty-ninth, the First Professional Class was invited to eat a bun and have a cup of chocolate with Miss Hinman, our honorary member, who always strives for the welfare of our class. The occasion was one to bring joy to any school girl's heart, for there were buns and chocolate galore. Next to eating, what could give us more pleasure than gossip! And gossip we did. Each girl strove to outdo the other in starting marvelous rumors, which created much excitement. At the end of the hour we left, all declaring that our honorary member was indeed an honor to our class.

Jumbled Vegetables

It was with great delight that the members of Mrs. Chandler's Bible Class learned that they were to be rewarded for their faithful (?) efforts by being given a party. Their interest and delight were further aroused when it was announced that some boys from town were coming, and there would be enough of them to "go 'round."

That this interest never wavered was shown by the fact that every girl arrived promptly upon the scene of action, and was received by the hostess in that charming manner peculiar to herself. Soon afterwards the boys came and the party began. A rather unusual thing for a party now took place—fifteen "jumbled vegetables" were passed around to each couple. Do not think, however, that these vegetables were the refreshments, for they, and very elegant ones they were, came later. These "jumbled vegetables" were on paper, and were to be re-arranged and spelled correctly within a certain time. Owing to the usual aptitude of the "Normal" girls, plus the noble assistance of their partners, eight couples succeeded in writing out all fifteen vegetables correctly. Then the girls had to "draw straws," and Miss Catharine Ware drew the winning straw and landed the much-coveted prize.

About this time we were reminded of the late hour by the winking of the lights, and this most enjoyable event ended with fifteen "rahs" from the boys for Mrs. Chandler.

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Boys Were There!

One moment. Did I hear you ask for curling irons? Not since the night of February 22nd have they been obtainable in the city of Fredericksburg. Why? The girls of the Normal have long since bought all in their range. Excitement rang through every corridor in the dormitory. In each room could be found at least three girls doing a thing quite unusual for Normal School girls—"prinking." What was the meaning of all this? The Student Activity Committee had planned a reception for the girls. Now that the night and hour had arrived it found a gay assemblage of girls, as we would usually say, but not so tonight, for boys were there!!

"Can this be the auditorium?" was the buzz of the entire body of girls. It was hard to realize that this beautiful room with its artistic decorations was anything other than a Bohemian banquet hall. The entire crowd seemed thrilled with joy and excitement. The climax was reached when the guests were invited to the dining room, which looked as if it were a Japanese flower garden. All kinds of dainties were served. Each person was presented with a cherry, which made all participants wish that Washington knew that the tradition of the cherry tree was still alive in the hearts of his countrymen.

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Dot's Burglar



JANE RANDOLPH, where on earth have you been? Do you know I've been sitting here, afraid to move, for the last half an hour? You may laugh, but, after what I've heard, I dared not move from the room."

"Do calm yourself, Dot, and tell me what has happened," Jane answered, slipping an arm around the little figure on the low window seat. "You were quietly reading when I went out a few minutes ago. Surely nothing very dreadful could have occurred in such a short time."

"Dreadful? Well, I should say so! Two men are plotting to break into this room tonight. I overheard them talking right under the window. One of the men pointed up here, and I distinctly heard him say 'rope ladder'! Oh! Jane, what shall we do? I wish I had never seen this old school! I want to go home; I want to go h-o-m-e!" she murmured, burying her face in Jane's convenient lap.

"Don't cry, Dot," and the older girl smoothed the chestnut curls gently. "I hardly think any one would attempt a burglary in this small town. Perhaps you misunderstood what the man said."

Up came the tumbled curls with a jerk. "I heard him say as plainly as I hear you, Jane Randolph, but I can't make you realize our danger, and I know we are going to be murdered!" she moaned.

"Whatever can be the matter with Sis Dot? Does she want to go h-o-m-e?" mimicked a laughing voice from the doorway.

Jane looked up in grief.

"Oh, Lucile, come and see if you can comfort her. She declares she overheard some men plotting to break into the house tonight. Tell her about it, Dot."

With much effort, Dot tried to impress upon her roommate the reality of their danger.

"You will tell the policeman, won't you, Lucile?" she pleaded.

"What a crazy! Tell the policeman! Not if I know it! This is the first chance Lucile Crane has ever had to be a heroine, and she doesn't mean to let it slip, either. The police shan't have the glory of this capture, if I can help it."

"But, Lucile," Jane began.

"Now don't say a word, Jane! You always object to my plans for adventure, and, if you interfere this time, I'll never speak to you again! I'm going right down town and buy a pistol," and the door slammed after her disappearing figure.

The evening shadows had long since deepened into the cold winter's night. Not a sound broke the stillness which hung about the old gray walls and massive pillars of this school, and all of its inmates seemed wrapped in the depths of

THE BATTLEFIELD

slumber. A twinkle of light, from an upper window, showed an exception, however, and in this room three thoroughly frightened girls talked in fearful whispers. Two trunks were piled, one above the other, against the window, and in front of these stood Lucile Crane, pistol in hand. On the third trunk sat Jane, armed with an old andiron, and in the middle of the floor that important young lady herself brandishing a broomstick wildly.

"I shall go crazy with suspense, if this lasts much longer, Jane. I feel as if I must scream or do something desperate; I just can't stand it another minute!" and down went the broomstick, with a loud clap.

"Do be quiet, Dot—listen!"

A sharp grating sound was distinctly heard.

"O-o-oh! he's throwing the rope up!" gasped Dot. "I heard it scrape against the house."

With this the three girls rushed toward the bed, and six trembling hands pushed it against the trunks. In her haste Lucile had dropped the pistol and now it was nowhere to be found.

"That is just like your carelessness, Lucile Crane!" declared Dot. "What geese we were to listen to you, anyway! I've a mind to go and call Mrs. George, right now."

"All right, old girl, if you can face the job, do it, but Lucile Crane means to stay in the background; she doesn't care to be frozen solid to night, by icy words rolling down from Her August Majesty: 'Young ladies, I am surprised at such childish behavior. Of course you heard nothing of the kind. It is shameful in you to arouse me at this hour of the night!' No, girls, it won't do; we will have to think of some other way out of this difficulty."

* * * * *

After roll-call the next morning, Mrs. George arose in her impressive manner and tapped the bell for silence. "Girls," she said, "for a long time we have thought that our arrangements for your safety, in case of fire, were not good, so we have at last decided to provide the girls of each room with a fire escape. This afternoon a rope ladder will be found in each room with full directions for adjusting it to the window ledge.

In the pause which followed this startling announcement, three pairs of sleepy-looking eyes exchanged glances, and ill-repressed laughter broke from three sadder but wiser girls.

“The Wisdom of the Foolish and the
Folly of the Wise.”

“So much by way
of introduction”



THE BATTLEFIELD

"The Folly of the Wise."

Martha: "Oh, you have turned your room around."

Nell: "No, we have just turned things around in the room."

Elsie: "Lottie, I went to see you this afternoon."

Lottie (calmly): "Well, I must not have been at home."

E. Taylor (on her return from the inauguration): "I saw William Cullen Bryant in the parade!"

Rachel (on the housetop): "Suffrage, no! I don't want a vote. I want a voter."

Prof. Harrison in Geometry Class: "Now any idiot could see that these two angles are equal."

Buford Lyne (in Sociology): "The statistics of a country depend upon infant morality."

Two problems that we Seniors have to deal with: B. Y. Tyner and D. J. Dadmun.

Katharine Bartenstein (eating her first olive): "Oh! it has something hard in it."

Belle: "Isn't Miss von Hofsten from Chicago?"

Sam: "No, indeed! she is from Illinois."

Louise Henley (to the wit editor): "Come to me for anything that is needed in the wit column."

Agnes: "What disease do you say a person has when they steal things belonging to other people?"

Myrtis (quickly): "Why hookworm."

Elsie King (to a Senior, September 15, 1912): "This evening down town, the boys kept calling me a rat. What did they mean?"

Miss Wortham: "I didn't have to come here this year. I could have got married."

Rat (interested): "Why didn't you?"

Miss Wortham: "First, because no one has asked me; second, because my modesty forbids my asking anyone, and third, my mother and friends think I am too young to take the fatal step."

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Sam: "Sprout, where is Katharine?"

Sprout: "She has gone to Cabinet meeting."

May: "Oh! how lovely! did she take supper there?"

Miss Graves (in Physiology): "How do you get the temperature of the liver?"

Nell Henry (suavely): "Swallow the thermometer."

Miss Rachel Pearce (speaking of the Annual): "I am delirious for the Annual to come out." (She looks it.)

One of the faculty: "Miss D. says when she tells the girls to refrain from talking they keep right on."

Mrs. H.: "Well what can you expect, when Miss F. tells them in music to refrain means do it again!"

Why do boys like to fish at the Normal School?
Because Pykes are found there.

H. Daniel's advice to Juniors: "Don't read reference books, borrow some one's notes the night before exams."

Mr. Tyner's advice to Seniors: "Take your time, take your time, just take your time.

But once we tried, and came out with a 49.

Mr. Tyner (in Philosophy of Education Class—to Miss Buford): "Which is the better fitted to keep house, the girl who has kept house for several years without having taken a course in Domestic Science, or the girl who goes off to school and takes a course in Domestic Science?"

Buford (shyly): "I don't know, I haven't tried it yet."

Miss Withers (in class): "What do we put in bread to make it rise?"

Alice Chilton: "Carbohydrates."

Nell: "Why, hello! Catharine, have you been in swimming?"

Catharine (with bathing cap on and suit in her hand): "Yes."

Nell: "Did you get wet?"

Catharine: "No, the water was dry."

Clerk: "What kind of shoe will you have, Miss Nance?"

Fanny: "Something suitable for 'Ware.'"

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Quiz



HAT kind of chocolate does Katharine Rice prefer? —Hurst.

What does Sue Walker dream about?—Bill.

Why does Helen Daniel enjoy visiting in the country?—
She likes Acres.

Why is Alice Chilton always rising up in music class?—
She rather likes a Downing.

With what was Gay Wilson struck?—With an Elbow.

What holds the roof on a house?—Ask Jane Garth.

Who will be the first to catch Ruth Lord?—Look out for the Miller.

Why doesn't Belle Pearce like to go to church on Sunday?—She expects
to become a Christian anyway.

Why did Annie Nicholas enjoy her discussion in History of Education?—
It was about the University of Virginia.

What is Mary Chesley's favorite occupation?—Pow(e)ing.

Why is there a hole in the rug in front of the bureau of Alice Finney's
room?—Ask Emma.

Why is "Virginia" a leading State?—Because of her "Fleet."

What is the school's largest jewel?—"Pearl."

Why is Clara Morgan like a Chinese girl?—Because she is fond of "Rice."

Why is Mrs. Chew like the man at a railroad crossing?—Because when
she comes to a crossing on the hall, she always stops, looks and listens.

Where does "Bee" go every day?—To the "Graves."

What did the Cook give Miss Dadmun as a parting gift?

Lost

At midnight, Charlotte Rice in the lard can.

In Lueile Brown's room, many, many boxes of pills.

Between the Normal School and Mrs. Tankard's, Emma Lankford's heart.

By Mr. Chesley—his hair pins.

A gym class—Miss Graves.

A woolyworm—Miss Jackson.

Some sleep—Miss Dadmun.

An opportunity to spoon—The crushes.

A jar of preserves—Mary Snead.

A white pump—Ula Cluverius.

The Pulman home, the fourth of March—Mr. Chandler.

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Found

By Louise Henley, an eavesdropper on the back steps.
Bertha and Ella Garnett together.
One little pig; owner apply to Mrs. Russell.
Annie Foster in the bathroom with a dinner bell.
By Miss Dadmun, an unearthly shriek coming from above.
By Mrs. Chew, extraordinary behavior on the halls.
A mystery—Miss Fraser's handbag.
By the measly bunch, a desperate feeling.
By Nell Ford, a kimono belonging to "every little movement."
A red hat; owner apply to Mrs. Chew.
A "weaver," by Angie Bray.
A "Junco"—Bertie Cralle.
A nest of "Tee-hee'(s)"—Emma Lankford.
A "Roch," by Agnes James.
A "new bill," by Ella Garnett Hoskins.
A ladder, by Mr. Harrison.
A "Blossom," by Martha Fleet.
A good time for a "Row(e)," by M. W. Johnson.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Don'ts

Don't study by electric lights, they injure your eyes. Cut up till they go out and study by a candle.

Don't remember any of Mr. Hamlet's lecture. "Simply take note."

Don't bother Mary Warner, or you will hear Angie Bray.

Don't primp so much, there are no boys around.

Don't feed the birds. Save the food for poor, starving Normal school girls.

Don't sleep in your own room at night. You won't have to make up your bed in the morning.

Don't crush, doctors pronounce it unsanitary.

Don't sing to Lou, Agnes will get jealous.

Don't expect high marks; then you won't be disappointed.

Don't let a teacher frighten the boys on the street with you.

Don't get up before the breakfast bell rings. Early rising is injurious to health.

Don't leave the halls before 12 p. m.; you might miss all the fun.

Don't avoid measles; we all want it.

Don't have your picture put in the Annual, it isn't stylish.

Don't ask Mrs. Chandler to play croquet, you will surely insult her.

Don't, under any circumstances let any trash get in the scrap baskets on the hall, while there is any room for it on the floor.

"Don't stop your auto with a crank," says Mr. Harrison, "run it into a telephone pole, it requires more science."

Don't ask permission to go to town, it worries Miss Forbes. Go without it.

Don't ever straighten up your room. It will deprive you of Mrs. Chew's delightful correspondence.

Don't forget that Psychology depends on other things being equal.

Don't molest Dee Walker, her crush may hurt you.

Don't wear a coat down to breakfast. You may not need it.

Don't put your history papers in Room 2. It's much easier to knock at 109!

Don't lower your voices after the lights go out. The faculty would miss your delightful (?) conversation.

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Wanted

Wanted—by Mrs. Chew, absolute silence on the halls.

Wanted—by Emma Lankford, a vocal music lesson every day.

Wanted—by Miss Fraser, round flute-like tones.

Wanted—by the Second Year Class, the trophy cup.

Wanted—by Martha Fleet, a Pi Kappa Alpha “frat” pin.

Wanted—by Miss Stone, an outline which will make the big points *stand out*.

Wanted—by Mr. Hamlet, excommunication of all boys from Fredericksburg.

Wanted—by Miss Forbes, a padded bag in which to carry her keys.

Wanted—to know the color of Mary Deierhoi’s hair.

Wanted—by Mr. Chandler, a Latin class that will catch his point.

Wanted—by Miss Jackson, Narcissus bulbs that will produce blossoms.

Wanted—to know why does the morning watch?

Wanted—by Elsie Coleman and Elizabeth Billingsley, a “crush” of their own “Sex.”

Wanted—to know why the fate of the Normal School girls depends on “Hamlet’s Soliloquy.”

Wanted—by Catherine Ware, one Chandler crab.

Wanted—the name of the author of the following verse:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary.
How do *your* lovers go?
Handsome eyes, cheery smiles,
And true hearts all in a Rowe.

Wanted—to know, does Mr. Russell when a wind storm strikes Fredericksburg. Also information as to whether Miss Withers in hot weather.

Wanted—to know where Rice grows by the Sea(y).

Wanted—to know if anything personal is meant by the amount of brains that are given us to eat.

Wanted—to know why Mary Donnaly always follows a straight “Lyne.”

Wanted—to know what secret order Emma likes best—the Masons.

Wanted by Mr. Tyner—“A new conception as a whole.”

Wanted by Miss Hinman—Measles.

Wanted by K. Bartenstein—An inspiration.

Wanted by Annie Latané Ware and Ethel Taylor—One pound of tea infusion.

Wanted to know by Grace Edwards—Why *somebody* always “picks on her?”

THE BATTLEFIELD



Medical

INFIRMARY STAFF (Jail Force)

JUDGE: Dr. Smith

POLICEMAN: Miss Forbes

JAILORS: Miss Spencer and Miss Segar

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1913: Ten girls sent to jail for fifteen days.

PUNISHMENT FOR MISEHAVIOR: An extra day in prison.

OFFENCES PUNISHED BY IMPRISONMENT: Unlawful possession of measles germs.

REQUIRED BY EACH MEASLEY JAIL BIRD: One acrobatic stunt before release.

REFRESHMENT: A piece of glass to suck.

AMUSEMENTS OF "MEASLEY BUNCH": Playing flinch, dominoes and checkers.

RULES FOR THE "MEASLEY BUNCH"	{	I. You must keep away from the windows.
		II. Don't dare go near the curtain.
		III. Always stay in your room.
		IV. Cold bath every day.
		V. Temperature taken twice daily.
		VI. Throat gargle twice every hour.

NOTES:

"Doctor, please don't give me that medicine, it gives me hysterics."—
L. L. M.

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MISS FORBES: "Now you must gargle your throats every hour. Do you know how?"

NEW GIRL: "No, ma'am, I've never gargled."

MISS FORBES: "Well, I'll give you an ocular demonstration."

NEW GIRL: "Oh, do I have to have that, Miss Forbes. You haven't given that to another single girl!"

Dr. Smith (suspecting flat foot): "What kind of shoes do you wear?"

Miss G. B.: "Shoes! Why, Doctor, I have a pair of patent leather pumps, some white ones, some tan ones and one pair of pink party slippers!"

The largest "Pearl" in the world is the "Measley Bunch's Side Show."

SODIUM BICARBONATE AND ITS USAGES: Ask Miss Hinman.

VIRGINIA GORDON'S COMPLICATION: "Grape Juice" on the brain.

She laughed her girlish laughter—and the moment after
She sneezed the fatal sneeze—it's the measles, if you please.



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"I know I have heard the biggest secret in school! Well—yes, but you *must* promise not to breathe it to a soul. Annie Scott is going to be married directly after school is out, and during Commencement the girls are going to give her a hose shower."

"Listen, Nell, don't dare say anything about this, because I don't think Mr. Russell wants it to get out in town; but Belle said that Katharine said that Miss Hinman told her that Mr. Russell said in faculty meeting last night, that there was to be a lecture out here very soon."

"Really there is no limit to what you can hear in this school. Well, they say—though, of course, I don't believe it; but, anyway, don't you tell, because it was told to me confidentially—that one of the teachers said in class this morning that she had been told by Mr. Russell that any girl could take measles for an elective the second term."

Julia Keaton: "Listen, Bertha, Ruth told me, but we had better keep quiet about it, that she saw Mrs. Chew coming out of Isabel Willis's closet, and what do you suppose she was looking for? Brooms."

"Oh! let me tell you something, girls—but *please* don't let it go any farther—Well, Bessie Jesse said that Miss Forbes told her that Miss Dadmun went to Washington on March 3rd, to be in the Suffragette Parade!"

It is vaguely hinted that Miss Hinman has a new dress which isn't brown—Stranger things *may* have happened.

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Elizabeth said that Dr. Smith joined the Rifle Club because it was a lawless band.

Louise Henley got 100 on a chemistry test! Mr. Hamlet: "Wonders will never cease."

We got it from good authority that one of the girls on the Varsity team was wearing Mr. Harrison's diamond—perhaps.

If you could hear Mr. Chandler reading Cicero, you would think it was the old fellow himself.

The conversation at the faculty table *looks* so interesting, that the girls burn with curiosity to hear it. It is said that the girls at one table had actually moved within two feet of the faculty before they were discovered.

Mr. Chandler has such a comforting way of dealing with his classes; for instance, when Lillian Haislip had seventeen mistakes in her Latin prose, he wrote her the most cheering little note, commending her great improvement.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Closing Week



The sun is shining bright
With such glorious, radiant light
As is only seen in June.
Birds are singing in the trees;
Flowers are blooming on the leas;
The world's in tune.

The girls of the Normal School,
Freed from every binding rule,
Are wandering all around.
Some are crying, "An exam!
Unless we begin to cram,
Our doom will sound!"

Some have nothing much to do
But hear, "Oh, if I were you,
How soon for home I'd start!"
Still these faithful stay along
To raise sweet Commencement song
Ere they depart.

The Seniors soon will leave,
How we other girls will grieve!
Though some comfort we have found.
Other girls will come next year,
And the same good, merry cheer
Afar resound.

True, some happy days are o'er,
But we'll meet again once more,
And again play basketball.
We will take the same dear walks,
Listen as the same voice talks,
In the fall.

JENNIE COWELL.



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